

FIFTY CENTS

JANUARY 11, 1971

The Return to Romance

TIME



**Ali
MacGraw**

To every cigarette smoker who enjoys good taste but who's concerned about 'tar.'

Until now a full flavor cigarette was a high 'tar' cigarette.

Until now any cigarette that held back on 'tar' copped out on taste.

But now there is Vantage, an all-new filter cigarette that's not just a lot of hot air.

If you like the authentic tobacco taste

of a full flavor cigarette then you owe it to yourself to smoke Vantage.

Only Vantage has the ingenious Vantage filter geometrically shaped to increase filtration.

It lets you give up those high 'tar' cigarettes without asking you to cop out on flavor.



The cigarette that doesn't cop out on flavor.

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THIS MAN AND WOMAN ARE REDUCING THEIR WAISTS, ABDOMENS, HIPS AND THIGHS

with the Fabulous New SAUNA BELT™

TRIM-JEANS

The Amazing Space Age Slenderizer that is so sensationally effective it is . . .

GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAIST, ABDOMEN, HIPS AND THIGHS A TOTAL OF FROM 6 TO 9 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

"I got my physique into excellent shape... tighter, firmer and 10½ inches trimmer with these great trim-jeans. It took just a few minutes a day over the 3 day period during which I lost 3¼ inches from my waist, 3¼ inches from my abdomen, 1½ inches from my hips and a total of 2½ inches off my thighs. Terrific results... a terrific product!"

Gary Coover

"I actually lost 7 excess inches during my very first session with this incredible slenderizer and the inches came off just where I needed to lose them. I went through the program again on each of the following 2 days and the inches continued to roll off—and all without the need for dieting. Over the 3 day period, I lost a total of 4 inches from my waist, 2 inches from my tummy, 2½ inches from my hips, 3 inches from each thigh, for a total over-all loss of 14½ inches in just 3 days with these wonder working trim-jeans."

Linda Saatsaz

Here is how it works:



Gary Coover, after putting on his trim-jeans, is inflating them with the handy pump provided. He is now ready to perform his 'Magic Torso' movements, an exercise program designed specially for trim-jeans.



After a few pleasant moments—about 10 minutes or so—doing his 'Magic Torso' movements, Gary is now relaxing for an additional 20 minutes while keeping his trim-jeans on. That is all there is to it.



Then Gary removes his trim-jeans and is amazed and delighted by his results. Gary lost 1½ inches from his waist, 1½ inches from his abdomen and a total of 2½ inches from his hips and thighs—all this from his very first session.



THIS SUPER PRODUCT IS PRODUCING SUPER NEW SLENDERIZING FOR A HOST OF MEN AND WOMEN. HERE ARE JUST A FEW:

David Medeiros: "Just 3 days on the trim-jeans program and I trimmed off 13 excess inches, 5 inches from my waist, 4½ inches from my abdomen, 1 inch from my hips and 2½ inches from my thighs. No dieting—and my appearance has improved 100%."

Mrs. Mary Lou Wilhelm: "Following the trim-jeans program, I reduced my waist 2½ inches, my abdomen by 2 inches, my hips by 2 inches and my thighs by 2½ inches each—I ate normally—it took just 3 days—and the inches have stayed off."

Richard Martin: "I trimmed a total of 10½ inches off my midsection, hips and thighs in 3 days with trim-jeans—actually lost 7½ inches in one 30 minute period first time I used them. During the 3 days my waist came down from 36 inches to 33½ inches and my abdomen from 41 inches to 36½ inches."

TRIM-JEANS—THE SPACE AGE SLENDERIZER WITH RESULTS THAT ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD. The trim-jeans are a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency. Once you have slipped them on, you are ready for the most astounding experience in rapid slenderizing you have ever known. Only trim-jeans has the unique features of design, including the exclusive super sauna-lock that permits the constant snug fit and solid support in all 4 areas—waist, abdomen, hips and thighs—without which truly sensational results are not possible. We recommend that the trim-jeans be used a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first receive them and then several times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential inch loss. After that, for maintenance you can use the trim-jeans about twice a month or as often as you feel the need.

THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY GUARANTEE IN SLENDERIZING HISTORY. So many users of the trim-jeans obtain 'instant reducing'—are inches slimmer, inches trimmer in from just 1 to 3 sessions with this super slenderizer—are actually losing as much as a total of 7 or more inches from their waists, abdomens, hips and thighs in just 1 session and up to 14 or more inches from 3 sessions. This principle produces really fantastic results. There may be variations of speed and/or degree of results due to individual differences in metabolism and body response. Not every one may lose 7 inches in just 1 session and 14½ inches in 3 days but remember this: No matter what your metabolism, no matter what your body type, if you do not lose a total of from 6 to 9 inches from your waist, abdomen, hips and thighs in just 3 days, you may return the trim-jeans and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

THE AMAZING TRIM-JEANS TAKE OFF INCHES WHERE THEY NEED TO COME OFF. Your trim-jeans are designed to give you just the reducing effect you need where you need it... and the price of the trim-jeans is just \$13.95 and each pair carries a FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Here is the slenderizer, supreme—trim-jeans—which we sincerely believe to be the easiest, fastest, most convenient, most sensationally effective waist, abdomen, hip and thigh reducer ever discovered—with the most revolutionary guarantee in slenderizing history. So if you want trimmer, slimmer, sleeker measurements and you want them now, send for your trim-jeans today.

©Sauna Belt Inc. 1970, 1971, P. O. Box 3984
San Francisco, CA 94119/Pats. Pend.

TRIM-JEANS, P.O. Box 3984, Dept. T-9, San Francisco, CA 94119

Please send me ☐ more information ☐ the Magic Torso Exercise Program ☐ the Sauna Belt trim-jeans along with complete easy to use instructions. I will not lose a total of from 6 to 9 inches in just 3 days I can return the trim-jeans and my money back.

For each Sauna Belt trim-jeans and complete instructions I enclose \$13.95. (No COD's)

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ ☐ If you desire RUSH! Air Mail, add \$1.25 for each trim-jeans.

Name: _____ Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Woman: Waist size _____ Hip size _____
Man: Waist size _____ Hip size _____

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LETTERS

Saint Elmo

Sir: Re your cover story on Admiral Elmo Zumwalt humanizing the military: I know it is only a coincidence, but one of the patron saints of sailors is Saint Elmo.

LAWRENCE J. BUSH
Claymont, Del.

Sir: Your article on Admiral Zumwalt is as timely as his actions toward the Navy's men and their problems. Liberalization of regulations will not solve all the service's ills, but at least the problems are being acknowledged.

As long as a man does his job and does it to the best of his ability, he deserves the right to be himself during his own time. While it must be admitted that this approach has not been effective 100% of the time, it has been most rewarding to deal with my people as individuals and men rather than tools of the trade.

WALLACE C. LYON III
Lieutenant (j.g.), U.S.N.
Providence

Sir: Admiral Zumwalt's iconoclastic revolution within the ranks of the U.S. Navy is bound to have the classic results: disorder, confusion and, worst of all, the masking of the real problems within the military. Anyone with his eyes half open cannot fail to see that you cannot maintain an elite corps of professionals with poverty-level pay. Fringe benefits like psychiatric fun and games are just another Madison Avenue approach to duck the issues.

I would wager my tarnished medals that if patriotic loyalty and excellence in technical performance were recompensed with cash on the barrelhead, the recruiting offices would be deluged with clean-shaven, dignified men eager to uphold those traditions that make the military a force to be reckoned with.

MANUEL KRAMER
Commander, U.S.N.R. (Inactive)
Lincoln, Mass.

Sir: It appears the military is becoming more like an educational institution and the university more like the military. Strange that the Navy has to be the first to understand and appreciate the value of today's youth. I hope they keep up the good work. I may re-enlist.

JOHN T. FALKENBURY
Graduate Student
Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

Sir: Three cheers for the Marine Corps! In the next ten years the Army, Navy and Air Force will be throwing purses instead of bullets at the enemy.

JERRY HALL
Belleville, Ill.

Sir: The hero of your story is clearly today's individual military man. He has shown by his performance and maturity both readiness for increased responsibility and privileges which the new regulations imply, and that he has earned the additional attention to his welfare and that of his family being given by today's uniformed and civilian leaders.

In that regard, I should point out that the credit for the \$20 million family housing program mentioned in your story belongs not to me, but to the Secretary of the Navy John H. Chafee. Additionally,

it was he who put forth major effort in trying to obtain sea pay for Navy people, and pioneered a program of construction for temporary lodging for military families at major naval bases.

E.R. ZUMWALT JR.
Admiral, U.S.N.
Washington, D.C.

Implacable Circumstances?

Sir: Your characterization of my belief that only price and wage controls will reconcile decently high employment with reasonably stable prices as the "voice of despair" [Dec. 14] is just a shade reminiscent of the bad, old, tendentious TIME. I've long felt that the age of Keynes is over, that strong unions and powerful corporations have insured that fiscal and monetary policy along the old and comfortable lines, will no longer serve. In contrast, your business pages and most of the very distinguished economists with whom you consult have, until very lately, disagreed. Now circumstances, implacable as always, have shown you and your advisers to be wrong. Instead of handsomely conceding your error and theirs, you rebuke me for advocating the only effective alternative. Is that gracious, let alone kind? Better, I would think, that you should wonder if you and your advisers, in now urging jawboning, other forms of incantation, an undefined evasion called an incomes policy and other banal gestures aren't still deep in wishful thought.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH
Trinity College
Cambridge, England

Insults and Misconception?

Sir: "Women's Lib: A Second Look" [Dec. 14] was an insult to all thinking women.

It is evident by the gross misconceptions of the critics that they are uninformed about Women's Liberation, and obviously haven't read any of the movement's literature to see what women really want. The women that were quoted in your article have been successful in establishing themselves in worthwhile careers and can afford to cast derogatory remarks on those of us still struggling. If anyone who claims to be a rational being thinks that the epitome of a good life (for a woman) is to sit in a house all day, cook, clean, watch television and raise children, I'm afraid that they're sadly mistaken. If a woman is going to be educated, don't deny her the right to use her mind!

JAN LEININGER
Northridge, Calif.

Sir: Your article did not mention the basic reasons for Women's Liberation: the job and pay discrimination, the archaic laws in some states, and other irritants that today's woman faces. Nor did you mention, except in passing, the many women interested in Women's Lib who do not engage in the "sphenetic frenzy of hatred for men." By these omissions, you do a disservice to the moderate individuals in the movement.

JOHN A. GRIFFITHS
Iowa City, Iowa

Sir: It is not only women who are angry—the people are angry. The Women's Liberation movement is very directly related to the entire protest movement in that both are involved in seeking radical social change. Don't you see, Women's Lib is the people's lib. Whatever affects us will cer-

V-8 makes the Bloody Merrier.



Some people still make a Bloody Mary the same old way. Others are putting new life in the old girl with V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juice. Just take ice, 4 jiggers of "V-8" (6 oz.) and 1 of your old standby. So, always keep some handy because... "V-8" makes the Bloody Merrier.

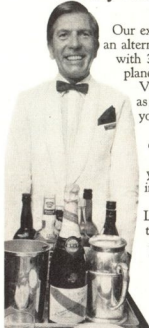
**If it doesn't have "V-8,"
it's not a Bloody Merrier.**



V-8 is a trademark of Campbell Soup Company.

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Our exclusive VC10s give you an alternative. Flying to London with 350 people on that other plane, or flying with us. Our VC10 holds about a third as many passengers. Aboard you stretch out in the roomiest Economy seat of any comparable jet. You leave O'Hare at 6:30 pm after your work day, and arrive in London at 10:20 am the next morning after the London rush-hour. Perfect timing for you.

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"If Continental Bank is good enough for the biggest corporations in America, it's probably good enough for Hennessy Industries."

When a business comes to Continental Bank for help they find we act on one basic principle: *give the client service according to his needs, not his size.*

Let one of our customers, Bob Hennessy, illustrate the point with his story:

"Hennessy Industries started off as agents representing automotive equipment manufacturers.

Dad began right after the war, and my brothers and I joined him later. We began

very small with a single product—a tire-inspecting device. And we began to grow.

"At the end of 1961, one of the manufacturers we were representing wanted to retire. He offered to sell us his business. We had a substantial company at the time, but not so big that we could complete the final purchase without borrowing. So, through friends, we made contact with Continental Bank.

"For a company our size, we were asking for a lot of money. But Continental granted the loan—primarily, we feel, on the basis of our reputation.

"And talk about fast service! I believe there was a lapse of only a week or ten days before the loan went through.

"In fact, that's been the thing that's impressed us most about Continental—the service.

"For example, we were able to set up a distributor as far away as Japan with the help of Continental's branches there.

"The most helpful service has been in the area of cash concentration. Our Continental lock box plan has been instrumental in helping us boost available funds.

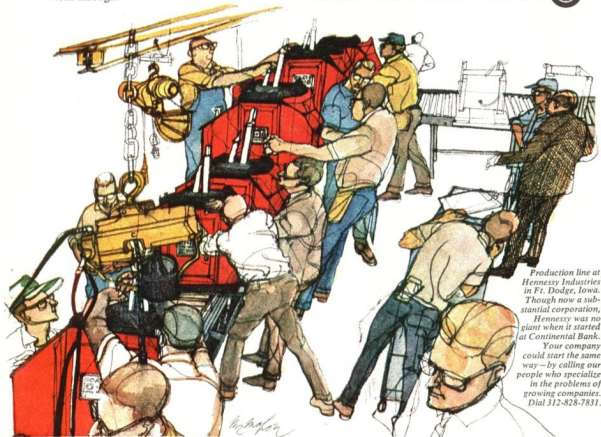
"Now we're thinking about adding to our operations. And the area development people at Continental are helping us there.

"Through the years we've been pretty happy with Continental. It's sort of nice having a big bank with services available to us in so many areas.

"And when anybody questions us about dealing with such a big bank, I just tell them, if it's good enough for the biggest corporations in America, it's probably good enough for Hennessy Industries."

It's what you'd expect from the biggest bank in Chicago.

CONTINENTAL BANK 



Production line at Hennessy Industries in Ft. Dodge, Iowa. Though now a substantial corporation, Hennessy was no giant when it started at Continental Bank. Your company could start the same way—by calling our people who specialize in the problems of growing companies. Dial 312-828-7831.



Our ancestors came from a nation of shopkeepers. Maybe that's why shopping is such an old-world pleasure here.

Part of the fun on any vacation is shopping. But in Bermuda it's a special joy, where shopkeeping is steeped in a British tradition that reaches back to Gladstone's day.

Most of our shops have been run by the same island families for generations, so courtesy and service are inbred.

A smile welcomes you. Nobody hovers while you browse among the tempting wares. China. Perfume. Cashmere. Things to buy from all over the world.

And if you're just whiling away the time between swimming and golf, nobody minds. Whatever your pleasure among our many pastimes, you'll find it is our pleasure, too.

A long ago and far away feeling. 90 minutes near.

Bermuda

For a change, come to where things haven't changed.

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tainly affect a man equally, or more. Maybe if we got our way, fewer men would waste their lives in materialistic maneuvering, then die at 50 of heart attacks caused by fretting over their monumental responsibilities to the chattel and her children. Maybe he could find another role besides the great provider and she the great provided for.

HELEN VRADELIS
Dayton

The Other Half

Sir: How about writing a story on the lives of some of us unglamorous congressional wives—the ones who exist solely on our husband's congressional salary?

We are not "swingers"—not that we wouldn't like to be, but we are too busy rearing our families without any help, doing our own cooking, cleaning, etc., and ending up the day by attending some boring national banquet with our husbands.

Not that we would change the circumstances, but why not tell the public that there are some political wives who don't spend their days playing tennis and planning catered parties.

(Mrs.) GERTRUDE ROBISON
Kensington, Md.

Making a Case

Sir: In "Trade: The Black Comedy" [Nov. 23], you say that the U.S. textile industry has never made a persuasive case that it is being badly damaged by imports. It is common knowledge that dozens of U.S. textile plants have closed this year due to imports, and that textile and apparel manufacturers' profits are the lowest of the major manufacturing industries, ranking No. 19 out of 20. The figures for

MOVING?

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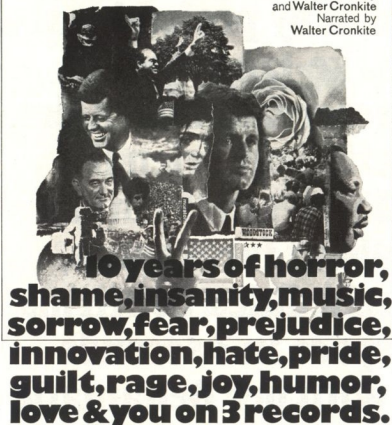
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Narrated by
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**Delta is ready
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1970 show that the amount of Japanese textiles imported to the U.S. jumped 63% in 1970, whereas U.S. production, if anything, is down. Also, the year's statistics indicate that the domestic textile industries' current level of employment is virtually back to the 1961 level.

We know that reasonable quotas can work in our industry. The long-term cotton textile arrangement has proved this sufficiently in the past and has recently been extended through 1973. It belies the fact that quotas cause increases in prices to consumers, because the price of cotton goods has gone up only about 1% over the 1959 base, which is one of the best performances in all of the manufacturing industry.

R.W. McCULLOUGH
Chairman, Executive Committee
Collins & Aikman
Manhattan

Flying Safety Pin

Sir: Your Milestones section [Dec. 14] was of more than passing interest to me because it noted the death of Ruth Law Oliver, pioneer flier, at the age of 83.

On her flight from Chicago to New York City, Mrs. Oliver stopped at Hornell, N.Y. Her landing occurred at the fairgrounds, about 300 yds. from my home. It was Sunday afternoon, Nov. 19, 1916.

I was four and my most vivid recollection of the event was my impression of the airplane as I first saw it from our upstairs dining-room window. The Curtiss pusher type, with its framework fuselage, looked from sideview exactly like a giant safety pin.

The landing was safely effected, and the brave (and profane) aviatrix was lifted half frozen from the framework seat in the front of her flying machine. She was dressed in a fur-lined leather suit and helmet and wore fur-lined gauntlets.

After she was taken to the Sherwood Hotel in Hornell, she thawed out, but given a hot meal, she took off again about 4 p.m. Her plane narrowly missed the chimney of the last house on our street. She landed just at dark in Binghamton, N.Y., a distance of about 110 miles from Hornell.

Her flight of 680 miles nonstop from Chicago to Hornell was one of the most remarkable ever recorded, in consideration of the day and age. The landing and my subsequent first view of any airplane inspired me to become a pilot one day. That this has never come to pass is evidenced by my signature.

ROBERT M. INGRAHAM
Executive Secretary
American Knifeblades Association
Silver City, N. Mex.

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On January 13th, television becomes a two-way medium.

Television has always been awfully good about telling you what kings and presidents and revolutionaries think, but not so good about telling kings and presidents and revolutionaries what *you* think. On Wednesday, January 13th, we'd like to do something about all that.

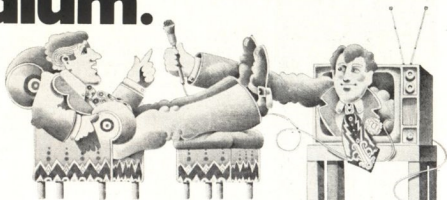
The National Polling Day: What Americans think.

Produced by ABC News in association with public opinion expert Louis Harris, the National Polling Day show will offer people like you a chance to speak up. Coast to coast. In prime time.

This will be a program with all the excitement and immediacy of election night coverage, but devoted to a variety of controversies ranging from the length of a skirt to the length of a war.

Twice as many respondents will be interviewed as would normally constitute a statistically-reliable national sample, and final tabulations, begun less than 36 hours before air time, will light up the "solari bank" even as the show is broadcast live.

Public opinion expert Louis Harris teams up with ABC News staffer Frank Reynolds for the National Polling Day: What Americans think.



Frank Reynolds, veteran ABC News staffer, has been assigned as anchor man. He will be joined by Bill Lawrence, Louis Rukeyer, Jules Bergman and John Scali, in matters of politics, economics, science and foreign affairs. Famous educators, politicians, scientists and entertainment personalities will help predict and interpret poll results.

You might love the show and not the results.

We're sure the program will be highly entertaining. We're also sure that not all of us are going to agree with—or even like—*everything* a representative cross-section of America says.



But we are hopeful that many broad areas of agreement will be made obvious by the show, so that we all can begin to find answers to some of the questions which confront us.

And now a brief word from the sponsor.

The 3M Company has grown and prospered because of the creativity and dedication of our people. We like to think it all has something to do with a company-wide belief in the individual and what he thinks.

But our interest in the individual goes beyond 3M's front door. We're concerned with *all* Americans.

If it works for a company, then maybe it'll work on a bigger scale. That's why we're sponsoring the National Polling Day.

We're interested in what you think, America. We want you to be heard, too.

So we're putting our money where your mouth is.

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COMPANY

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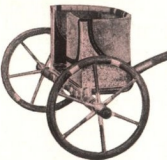
Share the mysterious rituals and the boisterous fun of a magnificent civilization that flourished for twenty-seven centuries



King Ramses II did things on a grand scale; here his 67-foot effigy looks over the Nile.



The trim lines of the ancients' sailboat—the *felucca*—are untouched by time.



Horse-drawn chariots made up the army's front line.

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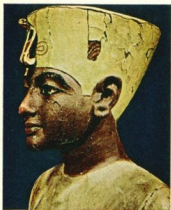


Archeologist Howard Carter spent 6 years digging for Tutankhamen's tomb.

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This wooden bust of Tutankhamen was once dressed in rare gems.



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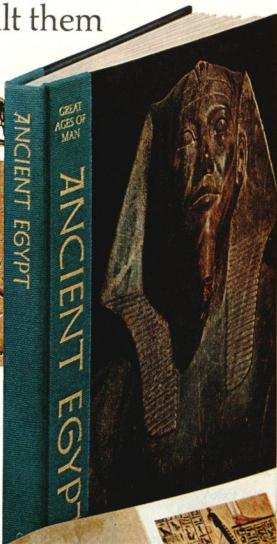
A ship of the dead accompanied the mummy for travel after death.



A servant's role included such niceties as adjusting a guest's earring.



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just household
workers as most
the houses of
nobles and
kings were
large. They
were to
be seen
everywhere
in the house.

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Unwind.
Make this the
moment
to take things
easy.
With a whole
new cigarette.
Rich new
blend,
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
January 11, 1971 Vol. 97 No. 2

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Lost Horizons

After all of mankind's headlong progress of the past century, science may well have reached its limit for discovery. This startling thought was offered last week by Geneticist Bentley Glass in his valedictory as president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. "The laws of life," he said, "are based on similarities, finite in number and comprehensible to us in the main now. For all time to come, these have been discovered, here and now, in our own lifetime."

What then? Glass quoted Architect Roderick Seidenberg's suggestion that the human race "will remain encased in an endless routine and sequence of events, not unlike that of the ants, the bees and the termites." In short, man will be in danger of massive boredom and mental atrophy.

Maybe; maybe not. One generation's renaissance has always been, in retrospect, another's dark age. Even if Glass is correct, mankind may modestly be considered to have at least a century or so of work ahead if it is to sort out what to do with its vast creative-destructive expertise. The majority of the earth's people, after all, have yet to be touched by technetronic miracles. Even those who have been touched have retained enough violent mystery to occupy several generations of Ph.D.s.

Nixon's Stats

Sensitive to talk about the supposed isolation of the President, the White House staff has compiled a self-conscious and almost overwhelming scoreboard revealing that in his first two years in office, Richard Nixon:

Talked with Governors more than 150 times, traveled 185,000 miles, visited 17 foreign countries, signed 776 bills, issued 131 proclamations and 121 executive orders and sent out nearly 6,000 telegrams. The President opened the White House to more than 13,000 guests at 132 dinners. Another 40,000 guests came to breakfasts, luncheons, teas, coffees and receptions. His contacts with businessmen (150) outnumbered those with racial minorities (30), labor (30), campus representatives (50) and cows (at least one). As for the press, the White House said that in addition to his twelve formal news conferences, the President had "more than 200 personal and telephone contacts"—meaning that Nixon spoke to a reporter on the average of once every 3½ days.

Exit Eugene McCarthy

Minnesota's Senator Eugene McCarthy left the Congress last week with his rather studied enigma intact. Hubert Humphrey will take his seat, and McCarthy will move his base of operations from the old Senate Office Building to the Carroll Arms Hotel across the street.



McCARTHY AS HE LEFT CONGRESS
Slipping off into sly oblivion.

Visibly grayer, older and as sardonic as ever, McCarthy allows: "It won't make much difference. I can do everything from the Carroll Arms that I can do from the Senate building." He cannot even have a cocktail without making philosophical distinctions. Sitting recently in a Washington restaurant, he observed: "Gin damages the liver. Vodka affects the brain." Then, with a wink, he ordered a vodka martini.

He has spoken of working for political reforms and may yet command a fourth-party movement, even another and barely possible children's crusade. In any case he is not letting on about his specific intentions. He challenged Lyndon Johnson against all odds in the 1968 campaign—winning by losing and losing by winning, a perverse and somehow peculiarly American dance. He led some of the best of America to what seemed a last faith in the American political process and then, after Chicago, seemed to drop out. He is slipping off now into a sly oblivion, electric with possibility but somehow still wreathed in boredom.

The Friendlier Skies

Twentieth century travelers have been struck by a number of things: oncoming cars, other airplanes, mountainsides—and sometimes the vaguely subversive thought that they are scarcely safer now than were 19th century men who took their chances in wagons across Indian country. There might be some intimation of progress in the fact that last week's Trans Caribbean Boeing 727 crash on St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, in which two passengers died and 54 were injured, was the first and only fatal crash of American scheduled airlines in all of 1970. So superb a safety record suggests that something much closer to complete safety in the air may not be impossible. But as the still-grieving campuses of Marshall University and Wichita State University attest, it was a disastrously imperfect year for nonscheduled charter flights.



NIXON PATTING COW AT CORN BLIGHT CONFERENCE
And 13,000 came to dinner.

1971 Just May Be Better

AS Americans rang in the New Year last week, it was an oddly kaleidoscopic moment. Bostonians had slogged through the snowiest December since 1947, and the traffic-snarling snowfalls gave the angular shapes of the town houses on Commonwealth Avenue a specially softened calm. Houston's golf courses were flecked with executives basking in record warm temperatures. Nippy winds scoured clean the usually smoggy Los Angeles basin, offering Southern Californians breathtaking panoramas that they rarely see. The vagaries of the weather matched the novelty of the national mood, as Americans took stock of 1970 and looked to the year ahead. However tentatively, the feeling was that things have been so bad that maybe, just maybe, they are about to get better.

Though there was no sudden end in sight to the litany of plagues that turned 1970 into a year to be well rid of, there came scattered signs that at least the nation's economic illness may be turning into convalescence. That will be the best of any good news; a Louis Harris survey published this week found that more Americans are concerned about the economy than about any other issue. The Commerce Department reported that its economic leading indicators rose an average of 1% in November. November also saw an increase in help-wanted classified ads for the first time in 14 months. In Paris, the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development predicted a "fairly strong" U.S. business upturn—and a slackening of inflation—for 1971. Last week the Dow-Jones average soared into the mid-800s, the high for 1970.

Wait Till Next Year. Despite the frenetic peregrinations of the last days of the 91st Congress, Administration operatives found the turn of the year a time for self-examination. President Nixon on helicopter to Bethesda Naval Hospital for his annual physical checkup; his doctors found him to be in "excellent health," even to have "a young man's blood pressure." His political standing seemed less clear. At the end of 1970 the Nixon men, reported TIME White House Correspondent Simmons Festress, were "still a bit defensive, like ballplayers who can only tell the fans to wait until next year." Nixon is still getting low ratings in the polls on the performance of his job, though Americans paid their President a customary tribute by voting him the man they most admired in an annual Gallup sounding—by a considerably smaller margin than the year before.

Nixon's men promise that something new is being charted in the Administration, and that midcourse corrections are being made. There will be, they say, a more positive approach to the Congress. Already there has been a re-

jiggering of advisers and administrators at Cabinet level and below. There is even a new spirit of self-criticism among the men who came confidently into office with Nixon only to find their earlier certainties inadequate to the nation's needs.

When Daniel Patrick Moynihan left the White House staff last month to return to teaching, he asked for a frank recognition that simplicities in government no longer suffice. A Harvard colleague, Sociologist David Riesman (*The Lonely Crowd*), echoes the thought. "I don't ask for the leadership to be preachery and noble," says Riesman, "but I think we would be in much better shape if it were more complex and candid. If the President said, 'We don't know how to manage a big economy, no society has really done it very well,' my feeling is that people would be less anxious. The same with drug problems, Viet Nam and many other of our large burdens."

To Riesman, the questions now troubling Americans are basic: "What can we believe? What is our ultimate end? Who will lead us? Where are we going?" Part of the malaise, he adds, "lies in not knowing where the bottom is and how far down we're going to go." But no national mood can last forever, whether it be the ebullience of the Kennedy years or the despair that has been increasingly the style since November 1963.

New Innocence. Already there are signs that the gloom is lifting. Aptly enough, even the radical Weathermen seem to sense a change in the climate: Bernardine Dohrn gave a statement to the Liberation News Service suggesting that bombings have been a tactical mistake because they isolated the bombers from possible supporters. She called for a return to pacific protest. The recent ferment has begun to be quelled in trivial ways: Boston's staunchly traditional Locke-Ober, which lifted its men-only rule for the first-floor restaurant in August after a Women's Lib onslaught, has just reinstated the ban. After Cambodia and Kent State, the campuses are newly quiet. It is a time of consolidation: a time when people turn from the weariness of insoluble problems to a refuge in romance and the kind of new innocence incarnated by Actress Ali MacGraw in *Love Story* (see SHOW BUSINESS).

From the thesis of characteristic American optimism and the antithesis of wild disillusionment, there may come a synthesis that is more honest and appropriate to the modern world than either. If that happens, paradoxically, Americans could turn to antiquity for a text for their times. "Perseverance is more prevailing than violence," wrote Plutarch. "Many things that cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little."



An Unsettling Finale in Congress

SLUGGISH, vacillating and quarrelsome throughout its two years of life, the 91st Congress could not even muster the means to die gracefully. It did not so much expire as commit suicide, victim of its ineffectual procedures, disagreement over priorities and inter-chamber acrimony.

Most of the blame for the closing debacle fell upon the Senate, which had dithered and dawdled too long over too many issues. In a rare public display of bitterness, members of the House, which had discharged its duties much more expeditiously, openly assailed the Senate. "I am fed up with the procrastination, the indecision, the inability to get the job done on the other side of the Capitol," House Republican Leader Gerald Ford told his colleagues. Missouri Republican Durward Hall used harsher words: "The American people have been set upon, as was Caesar of ancient Rome, by supposedly friendly Senators."

Gordian Knot. The net effect of most of the senatorial intransigence was to defer final decisions on many issues. The buck-passing means that some battles will have to be fought again. Thus the Senate refused to give the President his Family Assistance Plan, new restrictions on imports of foreign goods or funds for continued development of the supersonic transport aircraft. Even a much-needed increase in Social Security benefits to help senior citizens keep up with the cost of living became a casualty of the deadline pressures.

The setbacks to Administration programs occurred mainly because most of the issues had become intertwined in a Gordian knot of the Senate's devising. The welfare reform, trade quo-

tas and Social Security increase had all been meshed into a single bill by the Senate Finance Committee. Its chairman, Louisiana Democrat Russell Long, finally moved last week to strip the bill of all except the Social Security provisions—against the will of leaders of both parties. The Administration wanted all three programs and figured that Social Security was must legislation that would piggyback the other two into law. Democratic leaders, opposed to the trade quotas but willing to accept welfare reform, still hoped to work out a deal with the White House: if the President would forget about trade, they would push welfare. There was no response from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Exhausted by the impasse, the Senators accepted Long's package-splitting motion, 49 to 21.

The move allowed the Senate to pass the Social Security bill for the moment, while trade and welfare died in limbo. The Administration could now charge that the Democratic-controlled Congress had killed welfare reform, and there was no doubt that it would. Said one White House legislative aide: "We'd just as soon have the issue as the bill. We're going to go up and down the country showing who killed the bill."

Even the Social Security increase died, however, when Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, protested that there simply was not time to resolve "100 major differences" between provisions of the House and Senate bills in a conference committee. Actually, Mills had his own special motive, again tied to welfare reform. He intends to push through his own version of a family assistance plan in the next Congress, but calculates that he needs the Social Security increase as the sweetener to get the reform. His target is to pass a bill "by Lincoln's birthday" that would include a Social Security increase retroactive to Jan. 1 so that the delay would not hurt recipients. Vowed Mills about the Senators and his own welfare reform: "They're going to eat that bill."

The SST issue similarly will carry over, since a Senate filibuster against the aircraft led by Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire proved effective in blocking a definitive decision to continue desired by Washington's Boeing-conscious Democrat Henry Jackson and other SST supporters. Overriding the objections of South Dakota Democrat George McGovern and other liberals, the Senate grudgingly accepted a House-passed food-stamp bill that disqualifies a family from the benefits if it includes an able-bodied adult who refuses to accept work.

Failure to Perform. The dominant quality of the 91st Congress thus was its negativism, which can, of course, be a valuable legislative contribution. The

Senate's finest hours may have been in its rejections of the Haynsworth and Carswell nominations to the Supreme Court, not, as the President claimed, because they were Southerners, but because they fell short of the court's high standards. The Senate also demonstrated a healthy skepticism about military budgets, new defense systems and the President's conduct of foreign policy.

More positively, the Congress extended voting rights in national elections to 18-year-olds, instituted a lottery system for the draft, passed a comprehensive reform of the Post Office and launched programs to provide better rail passenger service, check air pollution from au-

PAUL CONKLIN



McGOVERN & AIDE DISCUSS FOOD STAMPS
Battling against forced labor.

tomobiles and combat water pollution. It gave the Federal Government new powers to enforce safety standards in industry and in coal mines. But it also demonstrated, all too dramatically, just how badly its own procedures need to be modernized.

Tribune for the Military

For five years Lucius Mendel Rivers presided over the powerful House Armed Services Committee as the military's best friend on Capitol Hill. Somehow, when he died last week at 65 of progressive heart failure, his rule seemed to have lasted longer, so forceful had it been. In a changing of the guard that will probably prove one more of style than of substance, F. Edward Hébert, 69, will assume the chairmanship when the 92nd Congress convenes. A 15-term Congressman from Louisiana, Hébert acquired his political savvy serving on the House Un-American Activities Committee and later on Armed Services. If anything, he is as obdurate a cold warrior as Rivers, as suspicious of civilian Pentagon officials and as opposed to the changing face of the military. "I'll be seeking the same goals Mendel did," he announced, offering a potpourri of



JACKSON (CENTER) IN HUDDLE ON SST
Fighting to preserve jobs at home.

his views on a range of topics (see box).

Rivers' goals were never ambiguous. Throughout his political life, he devoted himself to the problems and promotion of the U.S. military. During his stewardship of the House Armed Services Committee, he was an unabashed militarist; nowhere in Congress in recent years have the military services had a more dogged and effective tribune. As a result, Rivers held, at least according to his own reckoning, "the most powerful position in the U.S. Congress." It's *Gonna Sink*. Rivers began the first of 15 consecutive terms in 1941 as the Congressman from South Carolina's First District. His initial congressional assignment was to the Naval Affairs Committee—later to become the Armed Services Committee. The focus of his legislative efforts was to get more for the military—more ships, more planes, more men, more pay, more everything.

Not coincidentally, Rivers' district came to reflect his legislative bent. One recent survey of his home district of nine counties, including Charleston, noted an Air Force base, naval base, Polaris missile submarine base, Coast Guard station, the Sixth Naval District Headquarters and the Parris Island Marine boot camp. While Carl Vinson was still chairman of the Armed Services Committee, he once remarked to Rivers: "You put anything else down there in your district, Mendel, it's gonna sink."

When Vinson retired in 1965, Rivers, as the committee's ranking Democrat, came into his own as chairman. Upon taking office, he doubled the John-



L. MENDEL RIVERS



F. EDWARD HÉBERT

A change more of style than of substance.

son Administration's request for a servicemen's pay raise and sponsored a bill requiring congressional review of any cutbacks in military facilities. In one of Rivers' first encounters with the former Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, the Pentagon chief tried to patronize the committee, as he had under Vinson's chairmanship. Rivers finally breathed drowsily: "But Mr. Secretary, Carl Vinson's gone. He's gone . . ."

As early as the Korean War, Rivers

had urged President Truman to use nuclear weapons. Following the *Pueblo* incident, he proposed that the U.S. give North Korea 24 hours to return the vessel, or "I'd make sure that at least one of her cities would disappear from the face of the earth." His response to Viet Nam: "Retaliation, retaliation, retaliation. They say, 'Quit the bombing.' I say, 'Bomb.'"

Rivers held a deep mistrust of the press, and with some reason. He was keelhaunched by the Washington press corps for his marathon drinking bouts. When he became chairman of the Armed Services Committee, however, he swore off liquor and kept the pledge.

Coldly Furious. The son of a South Carolina dirt farmer, Rivers was eight when his father died, and he knew poverty in his childhood. Rivers and his wife Margaret, parents of a son and two daughters, lived simply, maintaining a small brick house in McLean, Va., and a modest home in Charleston. For all his love of arms, Rivers never served in uniform. As he admitted, "I don't know squads-left from squads-right."

In an era of military cutbacks and national soul searching over the horrors of war, Rivers was clearly out of tempo. His detractors were many, and their criticisms were often justified. In recent years, Rivers found his role of defending the military made more difficult by the military itself, and would get coldly furious at the blunders of admirals and generals. At a luncheon given by Rivers and attended by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the entire civilian hierarchy of the Pentagon and major defense contractors, a guest observed half in awe, half in criticism: "I have beheld the military-industrial complex, and it sits on the right hand of L. Mendel Rivers." Rivers would not have considered that a bad epitaph at all.

And Now, the Communications Yap . . .

Samplings of the style and forthright opinions of the chairman-to-be of the House Armed Services Committee, F. Edward Hébert, offered last week in Washington:

ON VIET NAM. We should have moved in and destroyed everything—everything that was in the hands of the enemy. I decry bombing innocent civilians, but there was no impediment to our destroying the docks and harbor of Haiphong. If the Pentagon had listened to us two or three years ago, we would have had a victory now with the flag waving high. Now, it's a sorry mess. You don't go out to fight Jack Dempsey with one arm tied behind your back. You don't send kids to get killed and not win. Well, that's what they did. If you get out a gun, you had better be ready to pull the trigger.

ON THE MILITARY GOING MOD. I'm shaking in my boots. I am scared to death. When you turn the military into a country club, discipline goes out the window. The military is not a democracy. Are we going to have

miniskirts in the mess halls? Will the commanding officer and the enlisted men pass each other and give a wave and say "Hi, toots"? They'll get so soft they won't get dirt on their hands.

ON REDUCING THE ARMED FORCES. It doesn't bother me. It means a million less bodies a year. It depends on what they are going to come up with. It doesn't take a division to run the bomber with the H-bomb. So let's get rid of the extra people. The butter is spread pretty thin anyway. All I am concerned with is that we have enough.

ON THE MILITARY. I am a big military supporter. When I have a legal problem, I go to a lawyer. When I have a bellyache, I go to a doctor. And I go to the military for military problems. It doesn't mean that I am going to take what they tell me, but I am going to listen and make a judgment.

ON SECRETARY OF DEFENSE MELVIN LAIRD. We understand each other. There may be a communications yap, but there won't be a communications gap. That's a quote, boy.

PERSONALITY

Bartels of New Jersey

For decades mob corruption pervaded the public and private life of New Jersey. Politicians were manipulated, unions controlled, businessmen forced to pay off, policemen bribed into blindness. That situation has now changed in some startling ways. In the most significant attack on organized crime in the state's history, 40 separate indictments have been brought against 300 people—among them powerful politicians, union officials and mob leaders.

The man behind much of the change is John Bartels, 36, director of the Justice Department Strike Force that has been rooting out New Jersey corruption for a year and a half. Federal Strike Forces were started in 1966 by Attorney General Ramsey Clark as a way of bringing organization to the fight against organized crime. Previously, law-



BARTELS AT WORK IN NEWARK

enforcement agencies plying their particular powers and responsibilities—some critics say kingdoms—often worked at cross-purposes, failing to exchange information, coordinate investigations or cooperate on crimes outside their jurisdiction. When Attorney General John Mitchell decided to send a Strike Force into New Jersey, Bartels eagerly accepted the job of heading it.

Really Hell. His credentials for the post were impeccable. Father: a successful attorney who was named to the federal bench by President Eisenhower. Education: Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard College, a year's study in Germany as a Fulbright scholar, back to Harvard for law school. Wife: Wellesley. Bartels looks like the cliché image of a college professor: prematurely gray, pipe-smoking, given to rumpled suits. Indeed, he teaches a night class at Rutgers Law School.

Recollections of a Jersey City Childhood

The indictment of New Jersey's Hudson County Democratic boss John V. Kenny seven weeks ago brought back special memories for TIME Copyreader Madeline Butler, who was raised in Jersey City. Although she has not lived in Kenny's bullwink since 1957, she vividly recalls what it was like to grow up under his now-vanishing kind of politics:

TINY for an Irish politician, his smile still happy as a choirboy's, John V. Kenny was shown on national TV as he left federal court. The television reporter did not laugh at the sad little quip Kenny, now 77, made when he was asked how he felt about being indicted. "You live rich and you die poor," said J.V.—and it all came back. In Jersey City when I was a girl, it was good manners to have a small joke at the tip of your tongue at even the most serious times, especially at wakes. No priest or politician was thought well of who could not get the grieving family to laugh just a bit.

Everyone who was brought up in Jersey City must feel in his prejudiced but knowing heart, as I do, that the charges are absolutely true. Why, this has been going on for 50 years! But for John V. and the rest to stand in the public gaze, for the district attorney to promise "scores of witnesses, thousands of pages of testimony" against them—that is what shocks the Jersey City soul. Who talked?

We knew, of course, that so-and-so was the "bagman," a collector of graft and bribes for Mayor Frank Hague, whose machine Kenny served and then ousted. That somebody's indolent cousin had been put "on the pad" by some ward leader's exertions. That every year

on "Rice Pudding Day" those lucky enough to receive city patronage or employment kicked back a certain percentage of their gains. That "the little guy" himself distributed work tickets early in the morning to men going to the docks for the shape-up. That, as a matter of course, if a firm got a city order a *quid pro quo* was expected. We knew all this, but we did not talk about it—except to one another.



KENNY CAMPAIGNING IN 1949

It was a way of life, mixed now with my memories of school and home and church: my classmate Peggy, on the morning after one of Frank Hague's vicious elections, offering me a glance at a large white mint wafer on which was written in green sugar script, "From Uncle Frank." "Uncle" Frank! What glory! Of course she was no more Hague's niece than I was, but her father belonged to the inner political circle and mine did not.

Other memories: my mother refusing to tell my father whom she would vote for in the next day's election (the walls had ears, we felt). The ugly neighborhood tomcat we privately nicknamed "Mayor Hague" because he bossed all the other cats—and my mother's horror when my four-year-old brother called the cat just that in the crowded butcher's store. Politics seems even to be mixed with my memories of St. Aloysius Church: the smell of dust and sin in the confessional, of candles and innocence at Sunday Mass. Did the knowledge that my father and his father before him (it ran in families) were not favored at city hall carry over into a feeling of unworthiness before the Lord?

Kenny after Hague was like Khrushchev after Stalin. The celebration on the night of his election was the only spontaneous one I ever saw in Jersey City. But though fear diminished, the System, with all its involuted roots, survived and flourished. How could it be otherwise? I will believe it has ended only when the great, greasy, Victorian city hall turns into an opera house and ward leaders become crusaders for ecology. As my grandmother used to say (she, like Mr. Kenny, had her own little adage): "We live in hope and we die in despair."

After graduating from law school, Bartels had joined John Lindsay's old Wall Street law firm, but quit after three years. "I was bored," he says. His flight from boredom took him to the office of U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau in New York. In four years there, he says, "I learned the extent of organized crime, the pervasive influence of mobsters." Prodded by his father, a judge in the U.S. District Court for New York's Eastern District, he left Morgenthau in 1968 and went back to private practice. "My father kept telling me I had to grow up. I used to laugh about that one day each month—the day I went to the bank—but the other 29 days were really hell." When the offer came from the Justice Department, Bartels zealously plunged back into the work he really enjoyed.

His zeal soon rubbed off on the members of the ten agencies involved in the Strike Force. He helped question witnesses, accompanied agents to rendezvous with informers, and personally arranged protection for informers and their families, sometimes moving them across country to new jobs under new names. He brought a representative of each enforcement agency—with the exception of the FBI, which preferred to operate from its own office near by—into a single headquarters, and encouraged them to work across jurisdictional boundaries. The result has been indictments against public officials ranging from cops on the beat to Newark's former mayor, Hugh Addonizio, Jersey City Mayor Thomas Whelan and Hudson County Democratic Leader John V. Kenny, one of New Jersey's most powerful political bosses. In the process, Bartels has presided over the touchy coordination of ten sometimes jealously competing federal law-enforcement agencies.

Imaginary Repairs. It has not always gone smoothly. There have been conflicts and breakdowns in communications. A carefully laid plan to uncover the top operators in a police theft ring, for example, was sabotaged when one of the agencies arrested a minor figure prematurely. Overall, however, the results of the Strike Force's work have been encouraging. Newark, scarred by riots three years ago, has been a center of the investigations, and Bartels hopes that indictments there will restore some of the confidence lost over years of political corruption. "You can't begin to understand the riot until you understand the extent of the corruption there," he says. "Everything was for sale. The entire black community was aware of this and simply lost confidence in the city's institutions. I knew New Jersey was corrupt, but I never knew how corrupt until I got here."

The momentum built by the Strike Force's success has carried into agencies long inured to official corruption. Last month the N.J. State Investigations Committee held public hearings on charges of corruption among officials

of the Hudson County mosquito extermination commission. The commission was accused of shaking down the Penn Central Railroad and a New Jersey Turnpike Authority contractor for \$114,000 for imaginary repairs on mosquito-control drainage ditches in the Jersey meadowlands.

Bartels has not only streamlined Strike Force procedure but gained the respect of the men within the force. Says a federal agent on his staff: "You want a guy who doesn't just want the glory and then leaves. You've got to have a guy who believes that this is his way of life." That way of life is considered an improvement by his family, despite the long hours (he sometimes works until 1 a.m.). "When John was in private practice, he was just miserable, grumpy all the time," says Mrs. Bartels. "I think he feels more at home with agents than he does with Wall Street types."

requirements and find legal means of refusing to pay for increased costs.

New York's dilemma is symbolic of cities across the U.S. Caught in an unprecedented scissors of soaring costs and limited incomes, many of the nation's cities face deficits that border on bankruptcy. The emblems of austerity are going up in city halls like so much black crape. In recent months, at least ten major cities have either declared a total job freeze or laid off workers. Municipal services have been slashed; the cuts range from the elimination of archery and synchronized swimming in Rochester's recreation program to Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes' decision to close down the police academy, at least temporarily, beginning Feb. 1.

The worst of the crisis is yet to come. Despite the cutbacks, municipal authorities face an unremitting increase in costs, many of them outside their power to control. This year Boston will be

FREDERICK DE VAN—NANCY PALMER



CROWD WAITING IN WELFARE CENTER
Caught in the scissors.

CITIES On the Brink of Bankruptcy

For New York Mayor John Lindsay, the timing was too painful to be coincidental. Within hours of Senate action shelving welfare reform legislation, the omnibus agency that administers the city's welfare programs submitted budget requests that, under existing payment formulas, will cost the city \$100 million more for welfare this year than last. New York already foresees a \$300 million deficit. Without federal and state help, said Lindsay, the city "risks bankruptcy and elimination of basic essential services" as a result of the welfare increase. Lindsay turned down the request and initiated an *ad hoc* reform program of his own, ordering officials to look for federal and state funds to absorb future increased costs, review welfare eligibility

forced to ante up \$25 million to pay its share of the operating deficit of the Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority—a responsibility that state law requires the city to shoulder although it has no hand on the throttle governing the M.B.T.A.'s expenses. Increasingly militant municipal employees are demanding huge pay hikes in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other cities—and some are threatening strikes or job slowdowns if they do not get them. Recession-based job layoffs have sent welfare costs soaring. Inflation has made services vastly more expensive than only five years ago.

As a result, Chicagoans next year face a staggering 17.5% increase in real estate taxes. Buffalo and Syracuse recently declared the largest property tax hikes in their histories, and Newark got permission to collect a 1% levy on payrolls. San Francisco will begin taxing payrolls

.5% if its law clears the courts. These cities are relatively fortunate; other cities are virtually desperate. Under state laws, both Omaha and Detroit are already taxing to the limit of their authority and could not pass tax increases even if they wanted to. Sooner or later, says former Pittsburgh City Councilman J. Craig Kuhn, "all cities face bankruptcy, unless some new patterns of municipal financing evolve."

No More Robbits. The cities' plight is part of a larger problem. Though not yet in the anguished stages of the long overburdened cities and county governments are increasingly strapped for funds. New York's Nelson Rockefeller, who forecasts a \$400 million deficit for the 1971-72 fiscal year: "We pulled a rabbit out of the hat each year, but it's not possible any more."

Financial pressures on mayors and governors reflect a dramatic change in the makeup of the overall U.S. tax dollar. "The Federal Government is good at some things and bad at others," says Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who has departed from his job as President Nixon's urban affairs adviser. "It is perhaps best at collecting taxes." Increasingly, the collection of public money depends on personal and corporate income tax, a form of levying largely reserved for the Federal Government. Meanwhile, the traditional base for municipal taxation—real estate—has stagnated, largely because of the move of businesses and middle-class families to the suburbs and the concomitant growth of inner-city slums. Revenue from real estate taxes is further reduced by the tax-exempt status of government and other institutional holdings. In Detroit, 30% of developed land is lost to federal and state office buildings, schools and hospitals. Pittsburgh took 85 acres off its tax rolls with the construction of Three Rivers Stadium.

Yet the burden of building new schools, hospitals and other shrines to

the nation's prosperity falls most heavily on the states and cities. Increasingly, Washington has chipped in on these projects: the Federal Government now budgets \$28 billion annually in grants-in-aid to states and cities v. \$13 billion in 1966. Even that help is not enough to offset the increases in local needs. From the early '40s to the late '60s, state and city spending increased twice as much as federal spending. Moreover, the federal programs, most notably welfare, often added to local burdens, imposing substantial and sometimes capricious drains on city treasuries.

The imbalance in public finance was foreseen as long ago as 1960 by Walter Heller, President Johnson's principal economic adviser, and by Joseph Pechman of the Brookings Institution, who chaired a presidential task force that looked into tax problems. Their recommendation: a direct "skimming" of federal tax moneys, perhaps an amount of 1% to 2% of the U.S. budget, for the use of the states as their officials see fit. The idea was shelved by L.B.J. in favor of sharply increasing New Deal-style federal grants-in-aid that were limited for use in education, manpower training or some other specific program whose goals were set in Washington. Unfortunately, Great Society giveaways often compounded federal red tape and were not worth the effort.

New Federalism. The idea of sharing revenue directly with lower levels of government appealed to President Nixon as a basis for the "new Federalism" that he hoped to see established in his Administration. In the 1970-71 budget, he called for \$275 million to be handed over to state and local governments. This amount would increase gradually to \$5 billion in 1975. The idea, if not the amount, has won applause from city halls across the country. But the President's legislation died in committee, after House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills and John

Byrnes, the committee's ranking Republican, decided that it was not their brand of federalism because it took too much power away from Congress.

The Administration, well aware of the deepening crisis of the cities, has indicated that it will put up a much tougher fight for the plan this year. It is working on a new draft that could increase the first-year ante to \$2 billion, perhaps as much as \$5 billion, and has lined up bipartisan support for the idea. Moreover, there were strong indications that one of the duties of newly appointed Treasury Secretary John Connally would be to induce fellow Southerner Mills to back the program.

By all rights, a second and far more rapid infusion of help should be coming from closer to home: the ever-widening belt of prosperous suburbs that surrounds every major U.S. city. Unfortunately, such help has rarely been extended either through consolidation of governmental services or revenue. Says City Councilman Henry L. Valentine of Richmond: "Our neighboring localities do not seem to want to assist us in facing the problems of the core city. But if the core rots, the whole apple will rot." Or as John Lindsay puts it: "If we cannot move forward in the cities, we will move backward in America. If we fail now, the cost will far outweigh today's financial deficits. They will be measured in despair, in hatred, in bitterness and in strife."

It is a bleak picture indeed, and nothing short of restructuring the distribution of the tax dollar is likely to alleviate it. So grim is the prospect facing the cities that when the Superior Tea and Coffee Co. as a promotion stunt recently presented the City of Boston with \$100 in repatriation for the harbor pollution occasioned by the Boston Tea Party in 1773, Mayor Kevin White could only note with a trace of bitterness that, after nearly 200 years, Boston was still faced with taxation without representation.

VACANT TAX-EXEMPT GOVERNMENT LAND IN DOWNTOWN DETROIT

J. EDWARD BAILEY



The Arming of the Jews

"When someone lifts his hand," the saying goes, "the Jew lifts his feet." Despite the centuries of Eastern Europe's pogroms and the ultimate horror of Hitler's death pits, the sad, self-deprecating humor persists. But for a small, growing number of New York Jews, the cultural heritage of flight or passivity is being angrily, even bitterly rejected. Especially among the young, the poor and the Orthodox in the marginal neighborhoods of the city, TIME Correspondent Leonard Levitt found a new theme emerging: "We are not going to turn the other cheek. We are not going to take it any more. Sitting back and being passive only leads to Auschwitz." Here is his report:

THE karate class has a special problem: the students' yarmulkes keep falling off. But the pupils persist. Thirty of them have come from all parts of the city to the gym of the Williamsburg Young Men's Hebrew Association, once a breeding ground for that special brand of New York basketball played by short, quick young men. Now the basketball players are at one end of the gym; at the other is the white-robed karate class arranged in five rows of six abreast.

Black Belt Teacher Alex Sternberg stalks the rows, suddenly lashing out in instructive attempts to knock his students down. He is small and wiry; he wears sunglasses even in the gym, and they add a sinister quality to his sudden thrusts. He lunges twice, quickly: "Never forget, first to the body and then to the head." The yarmulkes fall, but the lesson goes on.

It is an odd avocation for a nice Jewish boy who is studying political science at Kingsborough Community College, but stranger still is his calmly stated explanation: "I teach karate not for sport but for the street. I want my students to be able to kill, so that if a Jew is ever attacked, that attacker will never come near him again."

Such declarations have come to be expected from the Jewish Defense League, of which Sternberg is a member. The small paramilitary group—the organizational and in some ways cultural equivalent of the Black Panthers—has long since proved it does not mean to rest at rhetoric (TIME, July 4, 1969). Recently league members battled New York City police while besieging the Soviet Union's U.N. mission. Many other Jews strongly disapprove of its activities, and indeed of its very existence.

Still, the new Jewish militancy, born in the enclaves of Brooklyn and Manhattan's Lower East Side, now extends to some middle-class businessmen, rabbis in non-Orthodox synagogues, and even upper-middle-class suburbanites on

Long Island. At nationally known Yeshiva University, a young doctoral candidate is training 100 students in karate so that they can go out as karate teachers themselves. A dozen karate clubs are already in existence at Jewish day schools, and even in private homes.

Eight gun clubs in the New York metropolitan area are linked in an organization known as Palmach, named after an elite corps in Israel's army in the 1948 war of independence; half of Palmach's 400 members are Jewish, and most, for the record, insist that the target shooting is "strictly for sport." But one, an Auschwitz survivor, has his own reason: "Jews have to learn to shoot a gun," says Joseph Mittelman. "We didn't know the last time, and look where it got us." Even the organization's president, Sy Alper, admits that more than sport is involved for many. "Citizen patrol groups come to us all the time, or a local merchant who has had his store broken into. The rich Jews don't understand that these people are genuinely concerned. Our group doesn't look for trouble, but if someone comes to us for help, we will never turn him away."

What explains a will to violence in contradiction to Jewish teaching, history and insight? Unhappily, it is a response to what many urban Jews are experiencing as a renewed oppression—this time, physical violence from black and Puerto Rican street toughs and verbal attacks from extremist black leaders. Repeatedly, all-Jewish neighborhoods have become partially or predominantly black or Puerto Rican. A dress-store owner has received phone calls: "Get out, you dirty Jew, or we'll burn you out."

Forming the background of the new Jewish response is, of course, the example of Israel, tough and defiant in a hostile sea of Arabs. "Israel has changed everything," says Rabbi Sholom Ber Gorodetsky of the Lubavitcher group in Crown Heights. "The Six-Day War has given Orthodox Jews a courage they never had before." Israel, in a carefully nonofficial way, has supplied more than example. The first karate classes in Brooklyn were taught by bearded, fifth-generation Israeli Zvi Kasspi, an Israeli army veteran. Another Israeli, Hillel Oman, is listed as a teacher of Hebrew studies at the Yeshiva of East Flatbush in Brooklyn; another course, not listed, is self-defense.

Significantly, the spreading self-defense movement—though involving only a small percentage of New York's 1,800,000 Jews—is not the preoccupation of only young sectarians. One central figure has been Daniel Abraham, the middle-aged head of a drug-manufacturing firm who lives in a cooperative apartment on Fifth Avenue and worships at

the prestigious Fifth Avenue Synagogue. He has been helped in adding karate to the curriculum of many Jewish day schools by Dr. Joseph Kaminetsky, director of Torah Umesorah, an organization of 422 Hebrew schools, 175 of them in the New York area.

Men like Abraham and Kaminetsky are apt to explain their intent in terms of psychology and image. Rabbi Emanuel Rackman of the Fifth Avenue Synagogue says: "Jewish children have been taught to flee. I think it is healthier for kids to defend themselves." At the other extreme, Rabbi Mendel Greenberg of the Hasidic Satmar group sits in his Williamsburg home and displays a .38-cal. pistol and M-1 rifle.

NORMAN ENDER



KARATE CLASS AT YESHIVA UNIVERSITY

Though they publicly deplore the violent tactics of the Jewish Defense League, many Jewish leaders in private welcome the pride-inducing effect they have had—an almost exact parallel of the attitude of many blacks toward the Panthers, whose belligerency has enabled all blacks to walk a little taller. The new Jewish militancy, for all its conscious rejection of the past, contains its own inevitable version of soul.

At Yeshiva University, one karate student says that he had to argue with his mother for six months before she let him take the course. And his black-belt instructor, Doctoral Candidate Harvey Sober, has arrived at a philosophically precise rationale for his unusual activity: "It's not murder when you kick someone assaulting you," he tells his class. "It's a mitzvah [good deed] that you know how to."

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHT TO KNOW:

A CONFLICT almost as old as democratic government itself is raging anew in Washington these days. The issue is the accessibility of information about Government operations. This conflict often pits the President and the Executive Branch against Congress, regulatory agencies against consumer interests, bureaucrats against environmentalists, Congress against the voter, the courts against the bar and, at times, the news media against all of them. At its highest levels, the pitch of the argument is tuned by public disquietude over the war in Southeast Asia, and by public concern lest new foreign undertakings, veiled in secrecy, lead to new military commitments, if not to new wars.

A current cliché from the political lexicon—"the people's right to know"—marks the battlefield but does not exactly illuminate it. This lofty phrase was first used a quarter of a century ago by the late Kent Cooper, then executive director of the Associated Press. "It means," he explained, "that the Government may not, and the newspapers and broadcasters should not, by any method whatever, curb delivery of any information essential to the public welfare and enlightenment." The Constitution, as it happens, does not provide for any such right. The courts, moreover, have never interpreted the First Amendment—which prohibits Congress from abridging freedom of speech or the press—as requiring the Government to make unlimited disclosures about its activities.

Delicate Activities. Indeed, an uncurbed "right to know" collides dramatically with what might be called "the right not to know." Ever since governments were first conceived by man, public officials have argued that certain delicate activities of the state were best conducted in secrecy—intelligence operations, for instance, or diplomatic dealings. In the U.S., specific provisions for secrecy have quite often been enacted by Congress, as in the acts establishing the Central Intelligence Agency and the Atomic Energy Commission. Congress has also allowed business enterprises the right to hold inviolate their trade secrets, processes and many other internal operations.

In addition, the courts have upheld the validity of legal strictures concerning the substantial privacy of federal income tax returns, the raw investigatory files of the FBI, testimony given to federal grand juries, the confidential nature of the doctor-patient relationship, and a host of other matters. More often than not, Presidents have been able to shield their personal subordinates and the internal papers of their Administrations from investigation by either Congress or the press on the grounds of "executive privilege."

Many historians, philosophers and journalists agree that there have to be certain checks on the unlimited right of the public to knowledge about its government. Clinton Rossiter, a leading historian of the presidency, counted executive secrecy in diplomacy an essential prerogative of a President. Columnist Walter Lippmann, in his classic *The Public Philosophy*, observed that only within an ideal society, where laws of rational order prevail, is there "sure and sufficient ground for the freedom to speak and to publish." Even James Russell Wiggins, former editor of the *Washington Post* and an articulate spokesman for press freedom, takes no unlimited view of "the right to know." While decrying the proliferation of governmental secrecy, he writes: "We can give up a little freedom without surrendering all of it. We can have a little secrecy without having a Government that is altogether secret. Each added measure of secrecy, however, measurably diminishes our freedom."

Secret Details. The question arises whether or not too many measures of secrecy have been imposed upon the conduct of public affairs in America. A case in point is the extraordinary number of military and diplomatic agreements the U.S. has made in recent years with an assortment of allies and satellites. Many of these treaties in disguise involve a vast expenditure of American money, and could commit the U.S. to aiding other countries if war broke out. More often than not, details of the commitments were kept secret from the American public until disclosed by inquisitive news-

men or equally inquisitive congressional investigators.

Consider Laos. It is no secret any longer that the U.S. is today deeply involved in an undeclared war there, allied with the supposedly neutralist government of Prince Souvanna Phouma against the North Vietnamese and the Pathet Lao. Yet only after Senator Stuart Symington's Foreign Relations Subcommittee looked into the matter, against the wishes of the State Department, did the American public learn in detail how U.S. aircraft based in Thailand were bombing northern Laos, the CIA was guiding the operations of Meo tribesmen, and the U.S. was providing millions in military assistance to Souvanna Phouma—all clear violations of the 1962 Geneva accords on Laotian neutrality.

Among the reasons for secrecy about Laos advanced by Deputy Assistant Secretary of State William Sullivan was that the U.S. wanted to avoid forcing the Russians into taking "official" cognizance of activities about which they knew only unofficially. Plaintively, Senator Symington suggested that the U.S. public had a valid interest in knowing what was going on in Laos, since "we could run into the same kind of escalation as we did in Viet Nam."

Symington's subcommittee also uncovered, for the first time, details of secret agreements with Ethiopia dating back to 1960, under which the U.S. has armed a 40,000-man army at a cost to the American taxpayer of \$159 million. Although the extent of U.S. arms assistance to Emperor Haile Selassie is still cloaked by security, State Department officials admit that U.S. bombs and ammunition have been used against insurgent rebels and that U.S. military advisers supervise the training of Ethiopian troops. In defense of this agreement, Assistant Secretary of State David Newsom told the subcommittee that disclosures about Ethiopia had not been made because of "the great sensitivity" of the Emperor. Presumably, in State Department thinking, the "sensitivity" of the American public and Congress to this major diplomatic undertaking was of lesser importance.

Too Much "Exdis." Occasionally, the Government's concern for secrecy affects not only the public's right to know but its own efficiency of operation. When officials of the Water Pollution Control Administration flew to New Orleans recently to investigate a fire on an offshore oil drilling platform in the Gulf of Mexico, they discovered that the relevant papers had been locked up by the Interior Department's Geological Survey, which was responsible for supervising the drilling. A recent study of the State Department's operations found that too many reports from the field were being marked "exclusive" or "no distribution" ("Exdis" and "Nodis" in State lingo). As a result, so much current information is restricted to senior officials that the judgment of their subordinates is often irrelevant or out of date.

Information gathered at the taxpayers' expense is often kept secret for no better reason than apathy or red tape. When Dr. J.B. Rhine of Duke University, the noted expert on parapsychology, was asked recently to undertake some research for the Department of Defense, he agreed—but at the same time inquired why an 18-year-old study of his on the training of dogs to detect land mines had never been made public. Apparently, no one had bothered to declassify the material. A more pressing case of bureaucratic ineptitude involves the Atomic Energy Commission, which holds literally thousands of research papers and reports in classified storage. The material cannot be released because the commission cannot hire the personnel needed to declassify it—even though the reports would be of significance for the peaceful development of atomic energy.

The Government's predilection to do as much as possible in secrecy also affects domestic issues of fairly direct concern to the taxpayer. Environmentalists opposed to development of the SST, for example, have had difficulty gaining access to the so-called Garwin report, which is critical of the supersonic transport; the Justice Department claims that the report is a "presidential document" and thus not subject to forced release. Preparation of a national inventory

HOW MUCH OR HOW LITTLE?

on industrial wastes discharged into public waterways was blocked for seven years by the Budget Bureau under terms of a 1942 law designed to protect business from harassment by the wartime Office of Price Administration.

On a smaller scale, air travelers have had their "right to know" needlessly impaired by a relatively unnoticed act of Congress. It recently voted an increase in the tax on airline tickets to help finance the campaign against aerial hijacking, but in so doing also prohibited disclosure of the amount of a fare that goes toward taxes, thereby effectively hiding the size of the increase from the person who pays it. The Civil Aeronautics Board has accused the Senate Finance Committee of responsibility for this curious use of secrecy, even though the CAB has been guilty of some public-b damned pettifoggery of its own. It recently authorized airlines to "round off" fares upward to the next dollar, which means that passengers are now paying, say, \$41 for a ticket that formerly cost \$40.10. This may be a modest windfall for the hard-pressed airlines, but the CAB has nonetheless authorized a disguised overcharge for air passengers.

In **Sealed Envelopes**. A few members of Congress have protested vigorously against the spreading cloak of governmental secrecy, notably Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, who is concerned about national security affairs, and Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina, who regards the proliferation of domestic intelligence activities as a serious threat to individual civil rights. It should be added, though, that the House and Senate are often less than candid about their own operations. The requirement that politicians report their campaign spending, for example, is honored more in the breach than the observance, since only a tiny fraction of funds actually spent in campaigns is noted for the public record. According to law, Senators are required to release public reports only on fees received for speeches, articles and television appearances. But detailed information on their business interests and outside income is kept secret, in sealed envelopes available only to a Select Committee on Ethics—made up of fellow Senators. Members of the House need not list publicly the amount or value of stock they hold in banks and savings and loan associations, or, if they are lawyers, the names of their clients. Though such activities potentially involve conflicts of interest, information about them is reported under seal and is available only to a House committee.

Congress has done relatively little to promote legislation aimed at information disclosure in the public interest. Inspired by an investigation of Government secrecy practices undertaken by California Democrat John Moss, Congress in 1966 did pass the Freedom of Information Act. This law attempted to liberalize and standardize public information and disclosure policies of Government agencies, and authorized citizen suits in federal court to enjoin such agencies from the improper withholding of records and procedures. At the same time, Congress specifically exempted a plethora of areas, such as national defense and foreign policy, where right-to-know arguments normally arise. So far, the effect of the law on the Government's information disclosure policies has been almost nil.

What can be done about the spread of secrecy in Gov-

ernment? For a start, Congress could investigate—as the Symington subcommittee recommends—the present use of the Espionage Act, various presidential directives and the "executive privilege," all invoked at times to justify unnecessary secrecy classification practices. Congress could beef up its pathetically weak investigatory and budget analysis staffs and strengthen the General Accounting Office—its agency for the policing of disbursement and use of appropriated funds. It could also cut back substantially on discretionary funds granted to the President for use abroad as he sees fit.

Colossal Mistake. It is unlikely, though, that legislation in and of itself would afford much of a cure to the ills of creeping secrecy. Considerably more important is a different approach by Government in all its branches and at all levels. The State Department could, and should, be far less bending to the secrecy pleas of allied and client governments in

such matters as disclosing long-secret U.S. special bonuses and other payments for Thai, Korean and Philippine forces sent to Viet Nam. The Defense Department should be ordered to stop penalizing employees who disclose facts of cost overruns and mismanagement to congressional committees in such matters as the F-111 and C-5A aircraft contracts. The White House could and should be more forthright in its disclosures of military operations and diplomatic agreements, such as those in Laos. The news media, moreover, could better serve the public interest by being less considerate of the sensibilities of Government officials who try to manage the news. Reporters might well remember President John Kennedy's comment to New York Times Editor Turner Catledge, whose paper had practiced a dutiful self-censorship in not reporting the imminence of the Bay of Pigs invasion: "If you had printed more about the operation," Kennedy said ruefully, "you would have saved us from a colossal mistake."

What is necessary, above all, is a redressed balance in the approach of Government to the public. Secrecy is all too often used as an easy cover for operational failings, as a mask for individual or collective mistakes in policymaking, as a shield for actual wrongdoing and as a cloak to hide the undertaking of new and often costly commitments. In part, the prevalence of covert dealings indicates that the different branches of Government simply do not trust one another very much these days. Can an atmosphere of greater confidence within the Government be achieved? Fortunately there is a pattern. It was little more than 20 years ago that a Democratic Administration under Harry Truman and key Senate Republicans led by Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan established a remarkable, non-partisan relationship of trust that permitted such historic undertakings as the Marshall Plan and the NATO treaty, and gained for them widespread public support. This kind of open policymaking can be done again, but only through more and continued emphasis on full, non-self-serving disclosures. Only thus can increased confidence and tranquility between those who govern and those who are governed be found. Total and complete disclosure, particularly in dangerous times, represents an impossible dream. But excessive secrecy is a contagious disease that could be fatal to the practice of modern democracy itself.

■ John L. Steele



"PREASE, I NOT AMERICAN. I ARE STRICTLY ROCAL TALENT."

A Triumph for Global Opinion

Even in Marshall McLuhan's "global village," world opinion remains a force of unpredictable strength. Worldwide indignation did nothing to stop the savagery inflicted on the Biafrans, nor could it persuade the terrorists in Canada to spare the life of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte (whose three alleged kidnapers were arrested last week outside Montreal). It has had no leverage at all on Hanoi, which has rejected every U.S. proposal for an exchange of P.O.W.s, and continues to hold more than 300 Americans in its prison camps. Yet last week, in two cases that created shock waves throughout the world, opinion had at least a staying effect on regimes that were poised to inflict cruel punishments as warnings to dissidents within their borders.

Both instances—in Spain and the Soviet Union—involved totalitarian regimes that have professed stony insensitivity to world opinion in the past. But they could hardly ignore the startling collection of political bedfellows and adversaries that formed against them last week. Long-

shoremen in Marseille and Genoa refused to handle either Spanish or Soviet cargo ships. Italy's Communist Party blasted the Soviets for sully the image of socialism. Italian right-wingers, meanwhile, accused Madrid of doing the same to conservatism. In Lisbon, the Spanish ambassador got a dressing down from a delegation of 40 Portuguese journalists—none of whom have ever been particularly vocal about murders of political dissidents in their own country.

"Without the pressure of Western opinion," said Florence's conservative daily *La Nazione*, "the Burgos six would have died, and the Russian Jews would have had no hope." Despite last week's turnabouts in Spain and the Soviet Union, however, Woodrow Wilson's conviction that "opinion ultimately governs the world" remains eminently debatable. Though it helped to stay the firing squads in Burgos and Leningrad, that fact holds scant comfort for the 26 convicted dissidents, who still face long and harsh years of imprisonment despite their year-end rescue from execution.



FRANCO ADDRESSING NATION



SIX CONDEMNED BASQUES IN BURGOS JAIL BEFORE COMMUTATION

Spain: Calculated Magnanimity

STANDING stiffly behind his desk in Madrid's Pardo Palace, Dictator Francisco Franco last week delivered his annual state-of-the-nation address with all the emotion of a wooden soldier. For 20 minutes, the Caudillo, 78, methodically pumped his right hand up and down for emphasis as he spoke in his lisping, high-pitched voice of trade-union reforms, of Spain's Common Market hopes, of Richard Nixon's visit in October. But of the political crisis that continued to send seismic waves throughout the country Franco said practically nothing. There was an odd, stilted sentence—"A spattering of the currents of upheaval agitating the world has reached us"—and little more.

That was quite an understatement. Since early December, when the trial of 16 youthful Basque terrorists got under way in the garrison city of Burgos, the country has been torn by the worst upheavals of Franco's 31-year

rule. The regime's barefisted attack on the Basques, who were tortured by police and tried in a military court under a questionable "banditry and terrorism law," sparked opposition not only from the 2,000,000 ethnic Basques of northern Spain, but also from the country's Catholic clergy, its lawyers, its labor leaders, its students and some Cabinet ministers. Even more threatening was the backlash: army hard-liners demanded special powers to crack down on pro-Basque demonstrations, and hundreds of thousands of aging Falangists swarmed into the plazas, alternating anachronistic fascist salutes to Franco with menacing protests against "weak governments."

Firing Squad. Spain's "disagreeable tension," as one Madrid newspaper rather euphemistically described it, reached the snapping point early last week. After the West German consul in San Sebastián was freed by the Basque ter-

rorist group that had kidnapped and held him hostage for three weeks, speculation increased that the 16 would be treated with moderation. But when, after 21 excruciating days of deliberation, a verdict was finally produced by the five-man military tribunal and approved by the local military governor, some of the sentences were even harsher than those demanded by the prosecution. One defendant was acquitted, but the other 15 were sentenced to a total of 519 years in prison. In the case of the six Basques charged with the murder of a police chief in 1968, the court was not satisfied with simple death penalties; three of the terrorists were ordered to face the firing squad not once but twice because they had been convicted of both "banditry" and "assassination."

In Spain's three Basque provinces, terrorist leaders promised to assassinate two government officials for every Basque executed. Other Spaniards greeted the verdict with shocked silence.

Abroad, outrage was the reaction. Messages urging clemency poured into

Madrid from all over Europe. In France, three Spanish bank branches were ransacked, stoned or burned.

In a sense, the draconian sentences expressed the army's pique at the gingerly moves toward liberalization undertaken by Franco's technocrats. Though the verdict was meant to embarrass Franco, he put it to masterful use. Acting swiftly—by tradition, death sentences are executed within twelve hours—Franco first summoned his Cabinet and then the prestigious Council of the Realm. Soon a short announcement from the Pardo Palace told the nation that Franco "has seen fit to commute all the death sentences." The six would still get life, which under Spanish law means a maximum of 30 years for the three convicted of one capital crime, and 60 years for the three with two such convictions; pardons or paroles are out of the question. Nonetheless, the government news agency Cifra promptly sent out a flash: AMNISTIED, AMNISTIED, AMNISTIED.

Last Lunge. For the moment, Franco's calculated magnanimity seemed to have satisfied all sides. Even the convicted terrorists went so far as to say through their lawyers that "it was the common people who had won out in the end." Hardly. Early on, the issue went beyond the Basques to the shape and direction of post-Franco Spain itself. The Basque terrorists brought a whiff of anarchy to Spain, and that was all that the fading, right-wing Falange needed to try a last lunge for power. The blue-shirted Falangists had been useful to Franco during the Civil War, when they were, as the German aircraft manufacturer Willy Messerschmitt described them, "merely young people for whom it is good sport to play with firearms and round up Communists and Socialists." But when Franco set out to earn Spain international respect and a handhold in Europe, the aging blueshirts became an embarrassment.

In eclipse, the Falange has long raged at the rise of the pragmatic, outward-looking Opus Dei, whose members dominate Franco's 19-member Cabinet. As many conservatives in and out of the Falange see it, the efforts by the envied "holy Mafia"—also known as "Octopus Dei"—to build bridges to the rest of the world, Communist and non-Communist, are directly responsible for Spain's increasing problems with all manner of separatists and dissidents at home. In their mass rallies, the Falange faithful often take up a pointed chant: "*Franco sí, Opus no!*"

Masterly Inertia. Who wins? For the moment, Franco seems determined to exercise what Journalist Brian Crozier calls his "masterly inertia"—his practice of moving on an issue only as little as possible and as late as possible. Now that the army, too, has begun to fret about Spain's social disease, however, the pressure on the Caudillo to end the liberalizing influence of the technocrats may grow irresistible.

Soviet Union: Limited Leniency

OUTSIDE the Soviet Supreme Court building in Moscow last week, a passer-by sneered, "You bunch of yids!" at a handful of people who stood shivering in the snow. One of the group, Esfir Mostkova, told Western newsmen that she had been vainly seeking permission to go to Israel since 1948. As police began hauling her off for "talking to foreigners," she shouted a few final words to the newsmen, explaining that she has cancer and wants to see her son in Israel before she dies.

Esfir Mostkova and the rest of the desolate little group in Moscow were waiting to hear the court's ruling on the appeals of eleven Soviet citizens—nine

easiness in the world." In Washington, Secretary of State William Rogers personally wrote to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko urging clemency, and the Senate unanimously passed a resolution expressing grave concern about injustices to Soviet Jews. Most European governments made appeals through diplomatic channels.

Israel appeared seized by grief over the fate of the Leningrad eleven, and by fear of far wider repercussions for all Soviet Jewry. Tens of thousands came to weep at Jerusalem's Wailing Wall, and, at 10:30 a.m. one day last week, the nation stood in silent prayer as air-raid sirens sounded for two elec-

DAVID RUBINGER



ISRAELI PROTESTERS IN JERUSALEM

With silent prayers and the sound of air-raid sirens.

of them Jews—who also wanted desperately to go to Israel. They were convicted in Leningrad on Christmas Eve of plotting to hijack a Soviet airliner. Two of the Jews were sentenced to death, and seven others, along with the two Gentiles, drew sentences of up to 15 years.

Incomprehensible Verdict. The harsh sentences were interpreted by many as an attempt to intimidate Russia's 3,000,000 Jews, particularly the estimated 40,000 who have vainly applied to emigrate to Israel. Chiefs of state and religious leaders of every persuasion in the West publicly pleaded for mercy for the eleven. Protest demonstrations were held in most major cities in the U.S. and Europe. Pope Paul VI, in an obvious allusion to both the Leningrad and Burgos trials, deplored "certain judicial proceedings" that "contribute to a sense of anxiety, lamentation and un-

trifling minutes. On Israeli radio, Premier Golda Meir, in a low, emotion-choked voice, charged that "the present Russian regime is continuing in the tradition of murdering innocent Jews that was common in Czarist Russia."

Most Western Communist parties also registered shock. *L'Unità*, official newspaper for Italy's 1,500,000-member party, headlined its editorial an INCOMPREHENSIBLE VERDICT. The French Communist Party organ, *L'Humanité*, wondered "how a trial of such importance could take place virtually in secret," and "how an unsuccessful attempt could be sanctioned by capital punishment." The death sentences were the first that any nation ever meted out for attempted hijacking.

In the face of these protests, the Moscow high court opted for leniency, but of a very limited sort. After four days of deliberation, it overturned the

death sentences and slightly reduced three of the prison terms. Instead of facing the firing squad, the two condemned Jews will serve 15 years at hard labor under the most severe prison regime imposed by Soviet law.

The fact that the crime literally never got off the ground underlined the harshness of the verdicts. According to official Soviet accounts, the defendants plotted to commandeer a single-engine AN-2 in Leningrad last June 15, fly it to the Swedish town of Boden and ask for asylum in Israel. Many Sovietologists suspect that the eleven walked into a trap prepared by the KGB, the Soviet secret police. For one thing, they were arrested before they even set foot aboard the plane. Within an hour after their arrest, 40 Jewish homes from Riga to distant Kharkov were ransacked by policemen with search warrants. During the next six months, in several Soviet cities there were large-scale arrests of Jews, nine of whom are scheduled to be tried next month.

The Leningrad eleven were charged under Article 64 of the Russian criminal code dealing with treason. During the trial, the prosecutor spoke of their intent to kill the Soviet pilot—even though the two "pistols" found in their luggage were reportedly fakes made of brick and clay. To be sure, the defendants pleaded guilty of intent to hijack, an illegal act in almost every country. But their real crime apparently was their expressed desire to live in Israel. Significantly, eight of the defendants had previously been refused exit visas to Israel.

In an eloquent final statement at the trial, the 27-year-old wife of Eduard Kuznetsov, one of the two who were condemned to death, said: "Soviet law should not regard as treason a desire to live in another country. This desire, sanctified by 2,000 years of hope, will never leave me." Sentenced to ten years at hard labor, she concluded with a verse from *Psalms* 137, "If I forget you, O Jerusalem, let my right hand wither!"

Spreading the Infection. If nothing else, the universal storm of protest that greeted the verdict seems to have embarrassed the Soviets, who like to project an image of a society where all people, whatever their race or religion, live in perfect contentment. Also, the Soviet leaders probably did not wish to appear more barbarous than Franco; the commutation of the two death sentences in Moscow came less than 24 hours after Franco's decision in Madrid to reverse the death sentences of the six Basque nationalists.

It seemed unlikely, though, that plans for three more trials of Russian Jews for "anti-Soviet propaganda" would be abandoned. Any such letup in the campaign to coerce Jews seeking to go to Israel would surely enrage Russia's Arab allies in the Middle East. More important, it might encourage hopes of emigration among the U.S.S.R.'s other rest-

less minorities, such as the Lithuanians, Ukrainians and Central Asians, who are expected soon to outnumber Russians in total population.

Though other elements are involved in the trials of the Jews, it is almost inconceivable that anti-Semitism is not a common factor. That conclusion is reinforced by events in Czechoslovakia. Since the Soviet invasion in 1968, the Czechoslovak authorities have often resorted to blaming Jews for Alexander Dubček's liberal "counterrevolution." Last week the Czechoslovak party expelled the widow and son of Rudolf Slansky, the Jewish party leader who was executed in 1952 after a blatantly anti-Semitic political trial.

MIDDLE EAST

Toward the Showdown

Both sides sensed that the final showdown was at hand. "The next six months," said Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, "will be decisive in our destiny." Some Israelis fear that a misstep could mean the end of the Jewish nation. Despite such qualms, Israeli Premier Golda Meir's Cabinet last week agreed to return to peace negotiations with Egypt and Jordan, and the Knesset endorsed the decision by a 77-27 vote. The nays came from representatives of right-wing parties.

The far from unanimous vote was one of many indications that the talks, under the guidance of United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring, will be difficult and drawn out. It is not simply that the issues are "deep-rooted, passionate and complex," as Israel's Foreign Minister Abba Eban said. More significantly, the parties to the talks have been antagonistic for so long that they are more prone to nurse old grievances than to nurture new opportunities.

Israel quit the talks last September in protest against the movement of Soviet-made missiles along the Suez Canal during what was supposed to be a standstill cease-fire. In the 113 days that elapsed before Mrs. Meir announced that her government was ready to re-

sume negotiations, Israel tried to get the U.S., its principal ally, to agree: 1) to institute a long-range program of military aid and economic assistance; and 2) to recant on Secretary of State Rogers' policy that Israel must return to its Arab neighbors all but "insubstantial" pieces of territory captured during the Six-Day War of 1967. The U.S. agreed to provide \$500 million in aid, principally jet fighters, electronic equipment and tanks, but refused to change its stand on the occupied territories.

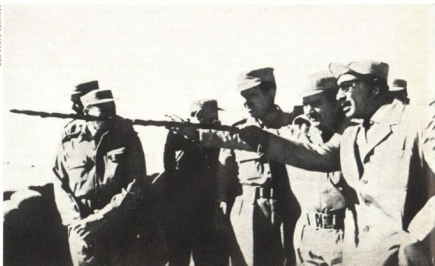
Another reason for delay was a running debate within Israel's Cabinet on the question of negotiations. One faction, including Eban, Deputy Premier Yigal Allon and Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, their apparent to Mrs. Meir (TIME, Dec. 14), favored a quick return to the Jarring talks. Another, led by Mrs. Meir and her principal Cabinet adviser, Israel Galili, was skeptical of this approach and held out—fruitlessly—for removal of Egyptian missiles from Suez in return for Israel's re-appearance. Defense Minister Dayan wavered between the two sides.

Egypt seems amenable to the talks largely because Sadat's new government is not nearly as anxious as the late Gamal Abdel Nasser to spearhead the causes of the Arab world. Though the Cairo government is heavily mortgaged to Moscow for weapons, Sadat is anxious to spend money on such pressing domestic needs as water systems and Cairo's creaking mass transit. Last week he issued a presidential order ending the policy of "sequestration," under which Nasser's socialist government a decade ago began seizing lucrative private properties from thousands of Egyptians and foreigners.

Something Less. Progress in the negotiations, if any, is likely to come with glacial slowness. Jarring will likely use his 38th-floor office at the U.N.'s Manhattan headquarters as his base. Initially at least, he will confer separately with the U.N. ambassadors of Egypt, Jordan and Israel. Eventually, Israel hopes to move the talks closer to home—say

EGYPT'S PRESIDENT SADAT TOURING SUEZ CANAL DEFENSES

KEP PHOTO SERVICES





KNESSET VOTING ON PEACE TALKS
A time to nurture new opportunities.

to Cyprus or Geneva—to elevate them to the foreign minister level and to hold them face-to-face.

Even if the amiable Jarring manages to keep the talks going without another breakdown, the difficulties are immense. Eban maintained last week that "the words 'not negotiable' are not in our vocabulary." Nevertheless, Israel is expected to be unyielding on retaining Jerusalem and Syria's Golan Heights. The Israelis are holding out for a package agreement in which such items as borders, withdrawal from occupied territory, demilitarized zones, exchange of prisoners of war, the rights of Palestinian refugees and possible supervision by outside peace-keeping forces will be negotiated in bloc. Egypt, adopting a "programmatic," one-step-at-a-time approach, wants an agreement on Israel's withdrawal from occupied lands before it negotiates further. But Mrs. Meir, in a speech to the Knesset, emphasized that until the whole package is tied up in a signed peace treaty, "not one Israeli soldier is going to be withdrawn from the administered territories."

Despite that tough position, a U.S. diplomat in the region noted: "The reports we got are that within the Israeli government there is a slight majority in favor of taking the risk of exchanging territory for guarantees." Dayan now appears to be one of them. "We have demanded total peace, and this the Arabs were not ready to grant us," the Defense Minister has said. "The Arabs have demanded total withdrawal, and this we are not willing to accept. So let us have an arrangement that would give us something less than total peace and something less than total withdrawal." It sounds reasonable enough, but reason does not often prevail in the Middle East.

LIBYA

Political Jack-in-the-Box

One of the major problems that Egypt's Sadat will face during the peace talks is how to pacify Libya's belligerent, hard-lining young strongman, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, 28. Gaddafi objects vehemently to any moves by Egypt and Jordan toward a settlement with Israel, and has frequently said: "We reject peace with Israel, we reject recognition of Israel and we reject negotiation with Israel." To back up his tough words, he is buying 110 Mirage jet fighter planes from France, even though delivery of the jets will not be completed until 1975, and France is training fewer than 10 Libyan pilots to fly them.

The New Savior. A handsome man with a lean, hollow-cheeked look, Gaddafi is known for his brashness and impetuosity. One of his first acts since he overthrew King Idris and became head of state in September 1969 was to take down the foreign-language street signs in his dreary seaside capital of Tripoli. Since then he has banished nightclubs, alcohol and the teaching of English, ousted 6,000 American servicemen from Wheelus airbase and forced the British to retire from their airbase at Tobruk.

He has also expelled the 25,000 descendants of Italian colonialists and confiscated all but two of the country's Roman Catholic churches. Putting the squeeze on the 36 foreign oil companies in Libya, Gaddafi has increased oil production taxes by \$330 million a year; these revenues of \$1.4 billion far exceed Libya's \$480 million annual expenditures. Last month his government decreed the nationalization of all foreign banks in Libya and grabbed off 60% of the foreign-owned insurance companies.

The boldness of these nationalistic acts has made Gaddafi a demigod to his xenophobic supporters at home. Photos of him abound in the streets, and his portrait has even been hung over the crucifix in Tripoli's Cathedral of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—which has been converted into the Gamal Abdel Nasser Mosque.

Gaddafi's ambition, however, extends far beyond Libya's borders. He wants to succeed Nasser as the dominant Arab voice. A fervent supporter of a "federation" of Egypt, Libya, Sudan and Syria, he has demanded full constitutional unity within three years.

Preacher and Millionaire. In his self-projected role as the new savior of pan-Arab unity, Colonel Gaddafi evokes both shudders and admiration outside Libya. His unorthodox manner and outspoken views have prompted some Arabs to call him a madman. "He's the most childish ruler the Arabs have ever had," says a prominent Jordanian banker. A Western diplomat in Tripoli observes: "Arabs are used to Byzantine language from their leaders. What they get from Gaddafi is exactly what he thinks."

Born in a goat-hair tent to a family

of desert nomads, Gaddafi combines the traits of a hell-fire-and-damnation preacher, a willful millionaire and a Western-movie gunslinger. Last November, when Syrian General Hafez Assad toppled his Baathist rivals and took over, Gaddafi jetted into Damascus to inspect the new leader. He demonstrated his approval by leaving a check for \$10 million. Like a political jack-in-the-box, Gaddafi has flown, unannounced, to Egypt for spur-of-the-moment meetings with Nasser and to Algeria for discussions with President Houari Boumedienne. When a group of Sudanese officials arrived recently in Tripoli, he kept them waiting for two days before he showed up, in shirt sleeves and sandals, to lecture them on the evils of Communism.

His most memorable performance occurred during the tumultuous Arab summit held in Cairo last September, just before Nasser's death, to end the fighting between the Palestinian commandos and King Hussein's army in Jordan. Gaddafi strode into the conference room at the Nile Hilton and placed his pistol on the table in front of him. Then, glaring at Hussein, he declared: "The best thing you can do is abdicate." The argument grew so heated that Nasser finally growled: "I think you are all sick. Maybe we ought to call in some doctors for a consultation." Turning to Gaddafi, Nasser added: "The first one the doctors should examine is you."

Quixotic Policies. Gaddafi's mercurial conduct has caused heated debates among the eleven other army officers of the Revolutionary Command Council. While Moslem practice still permits polygamy, Libya's revolution is supposed to be promoting social liberation. Thus, when Gaddafi fell in love with a young nurse while he was hospitalized for appendicitis and took her as his second wife last July, many government members felt that this was hardly proper revolutionary behavior. His chief rival, Deputy Premier and Interior Minister Major Abdul Salam Jalloud, would like to see Gaddafi pay less attention to pan-Arab

COLONEL GADDAFI IN CAIRO



unity schemes and more to domestic development. Despite a \$1.5 billion foreign exchange reserve, little has been done to improve the lot of Libya's 1,900,000 people, 72% of whom are illiterate. With almost no new housing, hospitals or schools being built, the question is how long Gaddafi's fellow officers will tolerate his quixotic policies.

FRANCE

The Lammerding Affair

In 1944, as Germany's *das Reich* panzer division raced up from southwest France toward Normandy to meet the invading Allies, two episodes of unspeakable savagery occurred in its path.

In reprisal for an attack on a German garrison by the Resistance, Nazi troops marched scores of Frenchmen to the Place de Souillac in the southwestern town of Tulle. From every tree in and around the little square, from every balcony and lamppost hung a rope with a ready noose; next to each stood two ladders and two waiting SS men. As each victim mounted one ladder, one of the Germans climbed the other, placed a noose around the Frenchman's neck, and pulled it tight. Then the other SS man yanked away the victim's ladder. In all, 99 Frenchmen, aged 17 to 45, were hanged. Their bodies were buried in the town garbage dump.

The following day, in reprisal for the kidnapping of an SS officer by the French underground, a heavily armed contingent from the Reich division rounded up all the inhabitants of the peaceful village of Oradour-sur-Glane. Old people were routed from bed and children from the schoolhouse, where their teacher had just scrawled on the blackboard: "I make a resolution never to harm others." In the main square, German machine-guns methodically mowed down 200 men, poured gunpowder onto the pile of bodies and set it afire; only five escaped.

In the church where the women and children had been herded, SS men ignited special suffocating grenades. Some of the trapped people died at once. Others were machine-gunned as they poured out of the building. Then the Germans set fire to the bodies of 241 women and 202 children; one woman survived. Oradour to this day remains an empty, desolate monument to the massacre.

Protected Criminals. The man who commanded the division, SS *Brigadeführer* Heinrich (Heinz) Lammerding, became a successful building contractor in Düsseldorf after the war, even though a French military court in Bordeaux condemned him to death *in absentia* in 1951 for the Tulle hangings. Lammerding is one of about 1,000 war criminals who were convicted *in absentia* by French courts after World War II but are still free in Germany.

Two legal documents protect them. West Germany's constitution prohibits the extradition of its own citizens.



LAMMERDING DURING WORLD WAR II
Acts of unspeakable savagery.

The 1954 accord between the Allies and Bonn prohibits the retrial in Germany of a war criminal if he has already been convicted in a French, British or U.S. court. That provision was designed to prevent lenient German judges from retrying war criminals after Allied courts had convicted them, and giving them lighter sentences. Ironically, the provision has served to protect those who were tried *in absentia* in Allied courts but then surfaced after 1955, when West Germany regained its sovereignty. As a result of the Lammerding affair and other war criminal cases, however, France and West Germany are now on the verge

of concluding a bilateral agreement that would allow the retrial of French cases in German courts.*

West Germany began looking into Lammerding's past in the early 1960s in connection with a number of atrocities perpetrated by his SS tank corps. Almost invariably, the investigators were told that the orders for the massacres came from officers other than Lammerding. Most of those officers, as it conveniently happens, died in Normandy or during the last days of Hitler's Reich.

Commando Raid. Once the special agreement between France and Germany is signed, the regional Central Office for the Prosecution of Nazi Mass Crimes will resume investigations. It could order Lammerding's arrest—if it feels it has sufficient evidence. Foreseeing that possibility, Lammerding recently turned his business affairs over to his son and moved to the West German village of Greiling, just across the border from Austria. If Germany does not arrest him, some Frenchmen have already threatened to settle the matter in their own way. Last month, when more than 5,000 mourners demonstrated in Tulle to demand punishment for Lammerding, many of them warned that they would organize a commando raid and kidnap him, as the Israelis had Adolf Eichmann.

* One who was not affected was Austrian-born Franz Stangl, the former commandant of Poland's Treblinka concentration camp. Found working in a Volkswagen factory in São Paulo, Brazil, in 1967, Stangl was extradited and two weeks ago was convicted by a West German court of sending at least 400,000 Jews to their deaths. Stangl, 62, will probably serve 20 years. If he is still alive after that, he will have to stand trial in Austria on charges of operating a Nazi euthanasia center, where 15,000 mentally and physically crippled people were put to death.



ORADOUR-SUR-GLANE TODAY
Desolate monument.



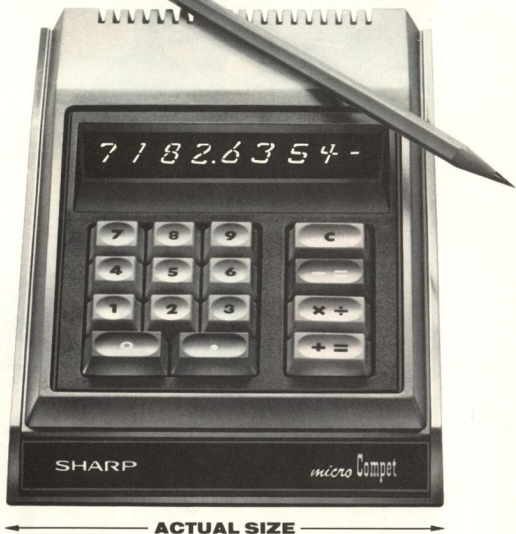
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INDIA

Mrs. Gandhi's Gamble

India's imperious Prime Minister Indira Gandhi is a woman who listens carefully to advice—and then makes up her own mind. For months, many of her political aides have been urging her to wait until 1972, when her full five-year term expires, before calling new parliamentary elections. Last week, when she returned from a visit to Indian troops who guard the icy wastes of Ladakh in the Himalayas, Jawaharlal Nehru's strong-willed daughter announced that she was dissolving parliament immediately and scheduling elections for early March. The political campaign that promises to be the most fiercely fought in India's 25 years of independence will be decided by the largest electorate ever to participate in free elections anywhere—271 million eligible voters, an increase of about 21 million since the 1967 elections.

The move caught India's opposition

parties by surprise, just as it was intended to do. In a sense, however, the election campaign has been brewing ever since November 1969, when Mrs. Gandhi split the ruling Congress Party in order to break the hammer lock of the "Syndicate," the aging, slow-moving bosses who ran the party. The fight cost Indira 65 parliamentary votes and reduced the strength of her wing of the party to 228 seats out of 523 in the Lok Sabha, the lower house. As a result, she was forced to rely on the support of three other small parties, including two branches of the Indian Communist Party.

Hindu Chauvinism. Despite her colleagues' counsels of caution, Indira was acutely aware of the efforts being made by three opposition parties to form a conservative alliance. These include the right wing of the old Congress Party, the free-enterprising pro-Western Swatantra, and the fast-growing Jana Sangh, which has a strong rural base in the northern Hindi-speaking states. Often

accused of pro-Hindu chauvinism, the anti-Moslem Jana Sangh is particularly angry with Indira for having cooperated with the local branch of the Moslem League in last year's Kerala state elections. Mrs. Gandhi, in turn, has denounced the Jana Sangh's policies as "fascist."

In mounting a campaign, opposition groups will attack the government for the nation's rising prices, which have climbed 4.9% in the past year. Discounting the fact that India's foreign exchange reserves are holding near the alltime high of \$1.1 billion that was reached last June, opposition Congress Party Leader Siddavanahalli Nijalingappa declared: "An increase in foreign exchange will not fill my stomach." Another issue will be the size of India's unemployed population—nearly 14 million, including 5,000,000 who are educated.

Mrs. Gandhi, on the other hand, will base her campaign on the fact that the economy is in far better shape than

The Casanova Controversy

NINE months ago, Britain's 16-member Health Education Council launched a drive against unwanted pregnancies by distributing a controversial poster showing a melancholy male with one hand resting on his bulging abdomen. The caption read: WOULD YOU BE MORE CAREFUL IF IT WAS YOU THAT GOT PREGNANT? Now the council has outdone itself. On the cover of 200,000 pamphlets that will be distributed to British high school and college students and local medical clinics later this month is a posed reconstruction of a 200-year-old engraving of Giacomo Casanova, the 18th century courtier whose name is a byword for sexual adventurism. It shows the world's

most famous seducer kneeling before a bare-breasted and obviously willing maiden. The moral of the scene, says the caption: CASANOVA NEVER GOT ANYBODY INTO TROUBLE.

Pink Ribbon. The council points out that, even in this permissive age, some bizarre misconceptions about contraception persist. "One woman thought she'd avoid getting pregnant by jumping up and down after intercourse," the leaflet notes. "Others believe that they won't get pregnant if they stand up during intercourse." As a result, 120,000 unwanted babies are born each year in Britain; in 1969, one bride in five was pregnant at the time of her marriage. That point is amply illustrated in the leaflet by a picture showing a very pregnant young woman in a white wedding gown, taking nuptial vows and saying to the preacher: "I did."

By contrast, says the pamphlet, Casanova "knew how to make love without making his women pregnant." His secret: a primitive form of "French letter," a century-old British slang term for condom. "Instead of being made out of synthetic rubber, as they are nowadays, it was made out of sheep's gut," explains the council. "To keep it in place, he tied it on with a tasteful pink ribbon."

No Model. The British press was quick to raise some questions about the council's own taste—and the accuracy of its claims. Citing Novelist John Masters' 1969 biography, *Casanova*, editorial writers pointed out that, far from being a model sexual citizen, Casanova practiced bisexuality and was a voyeur and even an abortionist. Moreover, while he may not have got anyone else into trouble, he certainly got into enough

CASATACHI & CASATACHI



CASANOVA AS HE APPEARS ON LEAFLET COVER

himself, suffering frequent bouts of venereal disease—including syphilis. Furthermore, Masters notes, Casanova sometimes refused to use condoms. After one of his mistresses, identified in his autobiography only as "M.M.," placed some in her boudoir as a hint, he brushed them aside, says Masters, "with a well-turned extemporaneous French verse."

The council's director, Dr. William Jones, was unmoved by the controversy. Casanova will remain on the cover, because, says Jones, "in an ignorant and permissive age, he took reasonable precautions when making love." But to placate the Church of England, which objected to the wedding scene, the bride's condition will be made "a little less obvious" in future printings.



ONE BRIDE IN FIVE



INDIRA GANDHI
Seeking a stronger mandate.

when she took over in 1967, following two years of severe drought. She will also note that her nationalization of India's 14 biggest banks has made it easier for small businessmen and farmers to get loans. "Nobody can say the situation is ideal," she says, "but we are emerging from a very dark period." In pursuing her own brand of moderate socialism, she will seek a constitutional amendment to abolish the maharajahs' privy purses; the Supreme Court last month struck down a presidential decree depriving the princes of this traditional privilege, which costs the treasury \$6,000,000 a year.

Urban Terrorism. The government will probably decide to hold state elections in West Bengal to coincide with the national elections. The turbulent state has been administered directly from New Delhi since its Communist-led government resigned last March. Throughout West Bengal, and especially in its capital city, Calcutta, Naxalite terrorism is on the rise (TIME, Aug. 24), and so is the resultant police repression. The Naxalite movement, so named because it originated four years ago in the remote Naxalbari region near the Himalayas, has spread to several parts of India but is now concentrated among the embittered students and unemployed college degree holders of Calcutta.

One particularly vicious assassination, presumably perpetrated by Naxalites, occurred last week. Dr. Gopal Sen, 58-year-old vice chancellor of Calcutta's

Jadavpur University, a center of Naxalite unrest, was pounced upon by a group of young men as he took his evening walk, bludgeoned with steel bars and stabbed four times. He was scheduled to have retired from his university post the following day.

Smiling Gods. Despite the risks to her government from an early election, Mrs. Gandhi may have chosen an opportune moment to seek a stronger mandate. Reports TIME Correspondent James Shepherd from New Delhi: "Much of the economy's forward thrust has been less the doing of Indira's government than a benevolent rain god who has given India four consecutive excellent harvests since the drought years. This year's food crop will be around 106 million metric tons, the best ever." From Mrs. Gandhi's point of view, that is good reason to hold elections now—before the rain god has a chance to turn malevolent.

COMMUNISTS

Swapping Slurs

On the surface, relations between the Soviet Union and Red China seem to have improved markedly in recent months. Last fall, the two Communist superpowers exchanged ambassadors for the first time in more than three years. Next, they signed a trade agreement for an undisclosed amount. Two weeks ago, they signed a new protocol governing navigation on the rivers that run along their Far Eastern border—including the Ussuri, site of bloody clashes in 1969.

Despite these signals of diminished tensions, however, all is far from well between the two. For the past six months, in Chinese-language broadcasts over Radio Moscow and "Radio Peace and Progress," the Soviet propaganda outlet for the Far East, Russia has relentlessly attacked the Maoist regime for everything from its Viet Nam policy to its intellectual *rigor mortis*. Two weeks before the river protocol was signed, Radio Moscow attacked Peking for "cutting down relations with socialist countries while broadening contacts with imperialist countries." What apparently bothered Moscow most was the fact that China's trade with its former ideological allies has dropped from almost \$3 billion in 1959 to less than \$800 million. China's trade with Russia alone plunged from \$2 billion to a puny \$57 million in 1969. Meanwhile, trade with non-Communist countries grew from \$1.3 billion to \$3.1 billion.

Almost invariably, Radio Moscow saves its choicest ep-

ithets for Chairman Mao Tse-tung. One recent broadcast described his thought as "an unprincipled mixture of utopian and egalitarian ideas of the peasants' uprising, Confucianism, anarchism, Trotskyism, chauvinism, Chinese feudalism, national bourgeois ideas and other ideas contrary to Marxist principles." Mao has been excoriated as an unsteady romantic who has sponsored a gigantic "cult of the individual."

Restored Capitalism. China has remained relatively moderate in its official references to the Soviet Union. After the Polish riots, however, the official party newspaper *People's Daily* gleefully described the uprising as proof that "the colonial rule of Soviet revisionist social imperialism in East Europe has fallen into a crisis, and that modern revisionism has gone further bankrupt." Poland, the Peking paper added, had become a "dependency of Soviet revisionism." For those comments, the Soviet party newspaper *Pravda* last week blasted China for "impudent interference" in Poland's internal affairs.

Most often Peking attacks Moscow indirectly. Thus Radio Peking last week broadcast a statement from the Australian Communist Party branding Russia's rulers as "the new czars. They have restored capitalism in Russia. Their armies occupy other countries, their navies roam the world in the direct tradition of imperialism." The statement might have been attributed to someone from Down Under, but Moscow was well aware that it reflected the thoughts of the people next door.



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF TRUCULENT MAO



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PEOPLE

It was a farewell, but the theater was filled with "hellos." In the rear of the orchestra, watching the final curtain ring down on *Hello, Dolly!* was the original Dolly, **Carol Channing**, who opened the show on Jan. 16, 1964. *Hello, Dolly!* went on to become Broadway's longest-running musical, with 2,844 performances (*My Fair Lady* is second with 2,717). Channing was followed in Dolly's role by **Ginger Rogers**, **Martha Raye**, **Betty Grable**, **Pearl Bailey**, **Phyllis Diller** and, finally, by **Ethel Merman**, who belted out the final hellos last week and then took the final curtain calls. "I feel sad and happy," said Ethel, "it's a bittersweet ending."

Rumors of a royal rift between Princess **Margaret** and her photographer husband of ten years, **Lord Snowdon**, blossomed again last week. In her *Washington Post* column, **Maxine Cheshire** reported that "Snowdon is the one, according to informed sources, who is insisting upon freedom. On recent trips to New York he has been taking out a *Vogue* magazine staffer." That was enough to shake Buckingham Palace, which ordinarily maintains a stony silence in the face of gossip about the royal family. "No, it's simply not true," retorted the Princess's press secretary. Lord Snowdon's private secretary was more equivocal. "I do admire the Americans," she said, "but they are naughty."

If words were punches, it would have been a real donnybrook. But the exchanges that took place between **Muhammad Ali** and World Heavyweight

Champion **Joe Frazier** when they met to sign for their March 8 championship fight were strictly verbal. Frazier was contributing little to the buildup of the fight, Ali said, because "Joe Frazier never wrote no poems, never did no shuffles and never did no predicting. He don't look like a champion, he's flat-footed, he's got no rhythm and he ain't even pretty." Retorted Frazier: "Shut up, will you. Somebody call a doctor, I don't want him to have a heart attack." Frazier had reason to be concerned. If the bout is held as scheduled, each fighter will receive a fee of \$2.5 million.

Alert and active as ever, Cellist **Pablo Casals** celebrated his 94th birthday in San Juan, P.R., by joining Violinist **Alexander Schneider** and Pianist **Mieczyslaw Horszowski** in a performance of Mendelssohn's *Piano Trio in D Minor*. Rhapsodized Schneider: "Don Pablo played it as beautifully as he did ten years ago—no, 40 years ago." Later, at the official mansion of Puerto Rico Governor **Luis Ferre**, it was Casals' turn to hear other musicians give a recital in his honor. "It was all wonderful music," he said. Casals was eminently qualified to be a critic; included in the selections were *Poeme*, an elegy he wrote in 1935, and *Reverie*, which he composed when he was only 20 years old.

No director could have elicited the look of pride on the veteran actor's face as he hugged his son during a break on the Hollywood set. **John Ethan Wayne**, 8, had just stolen a scene during the filming of *The Million-*



JOHN WAYNE & SON
Stealing a scene.

Dollar Kidnaping in the role of grandson to his real father, **John Wayne**, 63, and Actress **Maureen O'Hara**. Said **Richard Boone**, cast as the leader of the bandits who kidnap the boy: "Duke, you and I know acting's hard, but nobody told the boy—he just went in there and did it."

The face had not been seen lately in first-run moviehouses, and the figure was more svelte than in recent memory. Still, there was no mistaking the identity of the female lead in the glare of the klieg lights at Shepperton Studios near London. Ten pounds lighter and back in front of the cameras after an absence of nearly two years, **Elizabeth Taylor** is currently filming *Zee and Co.* with Co-Star **Michael Caine**. "The unfortunate thing is I enjoy acting, but I'm slothful," said Elizabeth between takes. "I'm so bloody lazy. I think I should retire. I should quit and raise cats." But would that be enough to support the family autos? The Shepperton Studios parking lot is enhanced these days by a green Rolls-Royce belonging to Liz, a black one owned by Caine—and a white model registered in the name of **Richard Burton**, who was in London filming *Villain*.

When **Tennessee Williams** stepped off the S.S. *President Wilson* last week after a three-month Pacific cruise, he had a scoop for the *San Francisco Chronicle*: he had just completed his last "long play," "a tragedy with humor" about "alienation." But from now on, he vowed, his work "is going to reflect the society around me"—particularly the new family structures. "I don't think I could live in a commune myself, or even what they call a 'triangular' marriage—you know, one guy with two chicks. I'm too jealous by nature." As for allotting his time, he declared: "I've done 90% of the work I'm going to do. Mostly I'm just going to take sea trips."



FRAZIER & ALI AT MANHATTAN PRESS CONFERENCE
Millions of reasons to be concerned about health.

MEDICINE

The Bars Against Women

Women now sit in Congress, occupy the mayor's office of several U.S. communities, deliver the news on television and even work as professional furniture movers. But women remain a rarity in a profession for which they are eminently qualified—medicine. Only 21,000, or 7% of the country's 300,000 doctors are female. Though the U.S. needs at least 50,000 new doctors to meet current needs, little has been done until recently to attract more women into medicine.

A great deal has been done, however, to discourage distaff doctors. The obstacles that stand in the way of any woman who wants to train in medicine are formidable. Most medical schools are loath to accept women at all, fearing that they will have children and drop out before completing their education. This fear is largely unfounded.



PEDIATRICIAN HENDRIE

Sometimes maternity is a misdemeanor.

Seventy percent of all would-be women doctors delay marriage until after they have completed medical school; 87% of those who do marry put off having families until they have completed their training, often at age 26.

Different Problems. Prospective women physicians are not seeking to get by with less work than men. What they do want, first, is an end to discrimination in the admission process. Further, they want recognition that the problems of married women, at least, are different from those of men. They seek adoption of programs that would allow them to meet the same educational and training demands as men on more flexible schedules. So far, few schools have been willing to go along.

Though a number of schools will

make individual exceptions for maternity leave, most expect women to meet the same requirements as men within the same time period. The result is that they are often forced to choose between family life and a career. Other institutions regard maternity as a misdemeanor and require new mothers to return to class within two to ten days after childbirth. The alternative is to withdraw for a semester or two.

Hospitals, which are responsible for internship and residency programs, are equally unyielding with married women. Most require that they put in the same 70-hour weeks as male trainees; others refuse to allow them to escape weekend work or 36-hour duty stints, which cause extreme separation of mother from child. Nor are most professional associations any less demanding. The American Board of Pediatrics and the Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology have re-



FIRST-YEAR RESIDENT MOORE

fused to bend their requirements of full-time residency for certification as a specialist.

Because of such attitudes, medicine is a practical career only for women with great determination—and understanding families. Dr. Edith Shapiro, now a psychiatrist at Manhattan's Beth Israel Medical Center, was forced to delay her entrance into medical school by a year when faculty members learned that she was pregnant. She avoided another delay only by concealing her second pregnancy, conveniently giving birth during a summer vacation and stoically returning to classes two weeks later. Dr. Nancy Hendrie, now of Concord, Mass., virtually abandoned her family to the costly care of a cook and a housekeeper in order to complete her res-

idency in pediatrics at the Children's Medical Center in Boston.

Needless Sacrifices. Harvard Medical School's Dr. Leona Baumgartner, former New York City health commissioner, sees such sacrifices as needless. Trained as a pediatrician, she feels that women should be with their families on weekends. Convinced that women can successfully combine the careers of mother and doctor, she believes that more women will be encouraged to take up medicine when schools and hospitals recognize family obligations and needs and make realistic arrangements for coping with them.

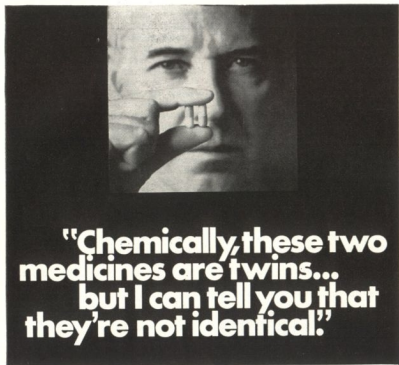
Some schools and hospitals have already begun to bend. Boston's Children's Medical Center, yielding to a dozen petitions from Dr. Hendrie, has operated since 1962 a part-time residency in pediatrics, women's favorite specialty. New York Medical College has pioneered a flexible graduate training program for women residents in psychiatry. Instead of being bound to the usual nonstop 36-month residency, physician-mothers at N.Y.M.C. break their training into four nine-month periods. The program, which allows the women to spend evenings, most weekends and holidays with their families, has proved both popular and productive. In seven years, not one of the 48 women enrolled has had to drop out.

Even more changes may be forthcoming. The Women's Equity Action League, a national organization composed of both men and women, last fall filed sex-discrimination charges with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare against all U.S. medical schools. HEW has already taken action on some earlier, similar complaints by freezing contract funds to a dozen universities, and asking them to submit plans for easing the admission of women. Given the increasingly tight economic situation, the medical schools seem likely to make tomorrow more of a ladies' day in medicine.

Recovery from Rabies?

Rabies, a virus infection transmitted to humans through bites from infected animals, has always been considered fatal. So far, all those known to have contracted it have died, often after long, horrible illnesses. Now there is an apparent exception to this deadly rule. Matthew Winkler, 7, of Willshire, Ohio, has not only managed to survive the disease for two months, but last week he made medical history by showing signs of recovery.

Matthew's ordeal began last Oct. 10, when a bat flew into his bedroom and bit the sleeping child on the thumb. Determining from tests that the bat was rabid, doctors began almost immediately to administer vaccine made from rabies virus grown in duck embryos and then killed. For 15 days, they injected massive doses of the serum into the muscles of Matthew's abdomen, a painful prophylaxis that usually prevents the disease if begun early enough. This time,



"Chemically, these two medicines are twins... but I can tell you that they're not identical."

The head of research for a leading pharmaceutical manufacturer knows that "twin" medicines can give different results.

These two products might work in different ways in your body. Both capsules contain the same active ingredient, but they were made by different companies, each with its own formulas and manufacturing techniques.

Can these small differences matter? Ask your doctor or pharmacist. Tests indicate that two drug products with the same active ingredient can vary in many ways. The base or "filler," the binding material, the coating, the particle size—all can affect how the medicine is absorbed in the body. Even the type of container for some medicines is important.

Testing in the laboratory does not always reveal if

two drug products that are equivalent chemically will react the same way. In fact, more and more recent testing on biological effects shows that for some products key differences in absorption rates and effectiveness do exist.

Choosing the specific drug products that he wants for you is your doctor's prerogative. He makes the decision on the basis of his experience with a product and a company and his knowledge of your condition and medical history.

Remember, your doctor prefers to prescribe and your pharmacist to dispense brand name products or quality generics from specified reliable manufacturers.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

LARRY NICHUMANDER



MATTHEW WINKLER WITH DOCTORS
Exception to a deadly rule.

the effort failed. By the end of October, Matthew complained of muscular stiffness and dizziness; by early November, he was experiencing difficulty in speaking and moving his left arm.

Fatal Symptoms. Suspecting an adverse reaction to the vaccine, doctors admitted the boy to St. Rita's Hospital in Lima, where tests strongly suggested that he had contracted the disease. They then began a desperate battle to save the youngster by treating not the infection itself—which responds to drugs poorly, if at all, once it has begun—but the secondary effects that kill its victims. Placing Matthew in intensive care, they put a tube in his throat to enable him to breathe and prevent him from choking on his own saliva. They also monitored his heart to assure the proper rhythm and administered drugs to prevent the violent convulsions that characterize rabies.

The doctors obviously did something right. Though Matthew became critically ill in mid-November and was semi-comatose for several days, he has made remarkable progress since then. The tracheotomy tube has been removed from his throat, he has regained the use of his left arm and has begun to undergo speech therapy to overcome impairment to his vocal cords. Other rabies victims have survived longer, but none has shown so much improvement at this stage of the illness.

Though cautious about calling it a complete recovery, doctors are understandably elated by Matthew's progress, which could make him the first person ever to survive a documented case of rabies. But they are uncertain whether to credit the vaccine or his medical management for the apparent recovery. The two other Americans who contracted rabies last year were also treated with anti-rabies vaccine. Both died.

Winston Churchill's great great great great great great grandmother. Alive and well. On TV. Sundays.

If you haven't discovered Susan Hampshire, whose brilliant Fleur in The Forsyte Saga won her a TV Emmy last year, you must meet her now in the television serial The First Churchills. This 12-part drama on the new Masterpiece Theatre begins next Sunday, January 10, at 9:00 P.M., EST, on your local Public Broadcasting Service station.

Susan Hampshire plays Sarah Jennings Churchill. John Neville is John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough. Together these two virtually ruled England in the turbulent 18th century.

Sarah, a shrewd and stormy commoner, was the kind of politician men envied. John was a military genius who ranked with Hannibal, Caesar, and Napoleon.



These two Churchills maneuvered through wars, court intrigue, jealousies, and rivalries to found a family dynasty that has influenced history for over 200 years. Their story makes first-rate television drama.

Peabody Award winner Alistair

Cooke (remember Omnibus?) will set the stage for you each week in his own quietly lucid way.

Following The First Churchills in the spring will be a four-part dramatization of Henry James' The Spoils of Poynton. Then come Dostoevsky's The Possessed and Balzac's Pere Goriot. All in color. All BBC-produced.

If you miss Masterpiece Theatre on Sundays, watch the repeat during the week. And if you miss that, there's always Mr. Cooke to bring you up to date.

Sunday nights: Alistair Cooke, the BBC, Susan Hampshire, John Neville, James Villiers as Charles II, in color on the Public Broadcasting Service.

Remember: Curtain at 9:00 P.M., EST.

MASTERPIECE THEATRE

Mobil

Of Mice and Memory

For the past decade, in experiments with mice, rats and even lowly flatworms, a number of researchers have claimed success in transferring learning or memory between organisms, usually by feeding or injecting one animal with the brain extract from another. Those claims have never been completely accepted, however, because other scientists were not always able to duplicate the experiments, and no one could identify the exact nature of the so-called "memory molecules" necessary for such a transfer. The skeptics may have to reconsider their stand. Last week a Baylor University scientist reported that he had identified and synthesized a chemical that produces a specific memory in rats and mice: fear of the dark.

Shunning the Dark. The announcement was made by Hungarian-born Neurochemist Georges Ungar, 64, who has spent years experimenting with memory transfer. In his most notable experiment (TIME, April 19, 1968), he jolted rats and mice with an electrical shock whenever they strayed into a blacked-out box, eventually conditioning them to fear the dark. Then, after decapitating his fear-trained animals, he injected a broth made out of their brain tissue into the abdominal cavities of normal mice, which ordinarily prefer the dark. More often than not, he found, the injected rodents—contrary to their nature—also began to shun the dark.

When he started his work, Ungar had only the vaguest suspicions about the chemistry involved in this transfer of fear. But after repeated experimentation, he concluded that the message

was coded in amino acid chains called peptides, which are small proteins. Finally, he narrowed the search to a single peptide—consisting of a sequence of 15 amino acids—that he named scotophobin, from the Greek words for dark and fear. To check his conclusion, Ungar asked Wolfgang Parr, a University of Houston chemist, to duplicate scotophobin using only off-the-shelf chemicals. The synthetic variety differed slightly from the natural chemical produced in the brains of fear-induced rats, says Ungar, but it was still sufficiently potent to make nighttime cowards of most normal rats and mice.

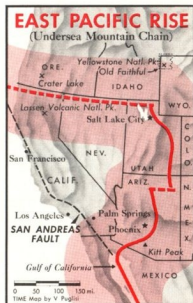
Ungar and other researchers strongly suspect that the chemical mechanism for such learning is governed by RNA molecules in the brain cells. By directing the assembly of the body's 20 or so amino acids into the proper combinations, these master molecules are apparently able to make an imprint of a memory or learning experience. Ungar is convinced that chemical processes similar to those in the brains of his rats also occur in the brains of higher animals, including man. If this is indeed true, it may eventually be possible to enhance man's knowledge and to treat at least some forms of senility and mental retardation by simple injections of the chemicals of memory.

Why the West Is Wild

As a result of a string of remarkable geological discoveries during the past decade, many bewildering features of the earth's surface are being satisfactorily explained for the first time. Most scientists finally agree, for example, that the continents—which look as if they once fitted together like a giant jigsaw puzzle—indeed broke off from one or two immense land masses along volcanically active cracks in the earth's crust known as mid-ocean ridges. Part of this undersea mountain chain, which girdles the earth like a string on a baseball, has now been identified as the prime suspect in still another major geological mystery: the raw and atypical terrain of the American West.

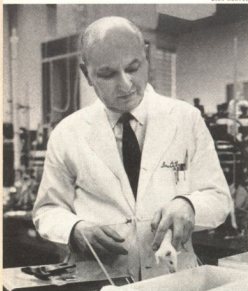
The new theory, outlined by the University of Toronto's J. Tuzo Wilson, fits in neatly with the tenets of the new geology. As North America slowly crept westward away from the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, Wilson says, the west coast of the continent eventually met up with another segment of the ridge system called the East Pacific Rise. But the moving continent did not stop at this natural barrier; instead it bulldozed right over it. As a result, the West now sits smack atop this hot seam in the earth's crust.

Granite Slabs. Wilson traces the path of the rise (see map) by such subtle evidence as heat flow in rocks, remains of ancient magnetic fields and the variations in the velocity of seismic waves under different parts of the West. He also points

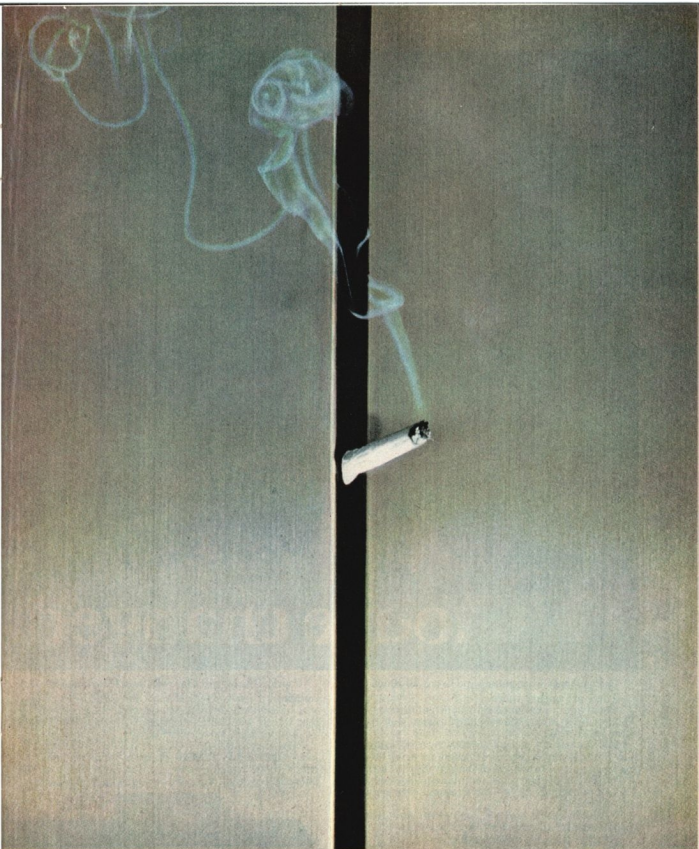


to much more conspicuous signs of its presence: the hot springs in California and Yellowstone National Park, the remnants of old volcanoes—Arizona's Kilt Peak, for example, and Crater Lake in Oregon—the upward tilt of the American plains as they stretch westward toward the Rockies and the shape of the mountains themselves. Unlike the Andes or even the closer Canadian Rockies—both of which were squeezed up by massive lateral pressures—the American Rockies seem to have been at least partially lifted by enormous forces directly beneath them. As Geophysicist Wilson points out, many of them are not jagged or irregular peaks, like their Canadian neighbors to the north, but huge granite slabs that still retain the flatness of the original Colorado Plateau.

Do geological events that occurred 30 or 40 million years ago have any contemporary relevance? Wilson is convinced that they do. By carefully studying the rise, he says, scientists may be able to locate more of the rich mineral deposits that were lifted close to the surface. Further analysis of this underground activity may also help explain the slight but puzzling earth tremors that periodically plague Nevada and Colorado, which lie outside the Pacific earthquake belt. Finally, such studies may bring some needed enlightenment about California's San Andreas Fault, a 600-mile crack running through the surface of the earth that was probably created by the underlying rise and may still be affected by it. Could part of California actually split off from the mainland along this seam, as some people fear? Wilson acknowledges that the area west of the fault is edging slowly northward. But he is confident that because the movement is at a less-than-glacial pace of an inch or so a year, California will remain part of the North American continent for millions of years to come.



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complete. Bigness in itself is nothing. But if it allows you to lengthen the distance between the front and rear wheels (which we did), then you've got something.

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Chevrolet



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Caprice Sedan

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Vega. The littlest Chevrolet ever. It wasn't changed from anything.

Before building Vega, we read everything we

could get our hands on about little cars.

We talked to owners.

We studied little cars up one side and down the other and, literally, tore them apart. We found out exactly what made them tick, or why they didn't tick.

What ticked were gas economy and dependability. What didn't were underpowered engines, cramped quarters and getting blown around in the wind.

In our little Vega, everything ticks. It's not just another little car. You didn't want *that*. It's one little car that does everything well.



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But when you get a Panasonic color TV, the only thing that's a work of art is the picture.

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Our cabinets aren't Michigan Mediterranean. Instead, they're sleek contemporary jobs of chrome, midnight black and walnut grain. Which we think looks a lot better in most living rooms than anything else.

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KNICKERS



GAUCHOS & KNICKERS



VARIOUS JEANS

MODERN LIVING

All in the Jeans

With the advent of the midi skirt, and nothing whistling but the winter winds, women's fashions seemed to have reached desperate straits. The only way to cross them, clearly, was in pants. Knickers and gauchos, hip-buggers, bell-bottoms and jeans—all are currently out-selling dresses of any length. Women in pants are no longer restricted to appearances at the local supermarket but are welcomed at offices, restaurants, theaters and nightclubs around the country.

Wildfire Proportions. From teenyboppers in tie-dyed numbers to jet-setters in custom-made styles to grandmothers in sensible versions with matching jackets, women of all ages and sizes are wearing pants. Figure faults—unless they occur above the neck—are easily masked. Straight-leg styles make light of heavy thighs, and an accompanying tunic or vest-jacket can do wonders for a wayward waist and confine hips to a minimum. Moreover, pants are warm, comfortable and practical; properly selected and worn with cleverly alternating tops, two pairs of pants can stand in for a full week's wardrobe.

Doing the most standing in these days are jeans—a term that has come to mean any pants that are close-fitting, slash-pocketed and well-seamed. Not the ordinary old-style, head-em-off-at-the-gulch variety, but jeans in every color from apricot to zinc and fabrics that range from plain corduroys, velours and gabardines to showier crushed velvets, suedes, leathers and even fur. Boston's Jordan Marsh Co. reports jeans sales at "a crescendo"; Chicago's Saks Fifth Avenue puts the boom at "wildfire proportions, even among older women." Five years ago, there was not a single jeans store in the country. Now there are more than 5,000.

Jeans West, largest of the 430 such stores in Los Angeles, estimates that its chain outlets will sell \$10 million worth of jeans this year—triple last year's business. President Neil Norman explains: "On one level, it's identification with what is going on these days, and on another it's just very comfortable to wear jeans."

On a third level, jeans are reasonably priced—if not downright cheap. Lees, for example, makes a velvet-corduroy version for \$11 that comes in a dozen colors, is available either straight-legged or bell-bottomed, and is slow to sit out or bag at the knees. There is another advantage. Jeans were originally cut only for men and, inexplicably—despite mass sales to women—still are. Thus there is a choice in length of leg along with waist size, making alterations virtually unnecessary.

Fashion Whimsy. Knickers, too, are currently occupying as prestigious a position in women's wardrobes as they once did in men's. No longer the saggy, baggy trademark of golfers, aging croquet enthusiasts and Jackie Coogan, the style has undergone a thorough rejuvenation, first at the virtuoso hands of couturiers Valentino and St. Laurent, now by just about every fashion house in the business. Macy's recently ran a full-page ad for "Happy Legs" knickers and sold 75 pairs in the first two hours after the store opened next morning.

Other pants are also covering for the future of the midi. Gauchos, the widest dress-length trousers, had a brief spurt of popularity in the autumn. Paris' highly heralded "hot pants"—short shorts that make a good stab at compensating leg watchers for the loss of the mini—are expected to do a long, long business come spring. But for now, the rage is mainly for jeans. Boutique Owner and Designer Frankie Welch, whose pants sales account for 60% of

PIERRE VAUTHRY—GADMA



"HOT PANTS"



HEART STOPPERS

her business, regards the current madness as the ultimate in fashion whimsy. "I'm from Georgia," she says. "And down there it was the farm boys who wore jeans. Now I am selling them in elegant velvets to women for \$80." Mrs. Edmund Howar,* a Washington society leader, took the madness one step further with her appearance at a party last month in a pair of workmen's natural-colored overalls. Her purse, just as naturally, was a tool kit.

Nationwide Party Line

Ann is a dancer. Garry is the president of a small manufacturing company. Bob translates Russian at the Pentagon. Along with Dan, Joel, Gail, Becky and a dozen others, they are having a discussion about travel by freighter, the virtues of Europe's railroad pass and a little-known boat trip between Venice and Israel. Their conversation is, in short, the conventional chatter of the well-traveled. What is unconventional about the discussion is that Ann is in New York, Garry in California, Bob in Virginia and the others scattered along the East Coast. The international travelers' group of TeleSessions is holding its weekly talkathon—on the telephone.

TeleSessions, an organization that began operations last month after a year of secret dry runs to work out the bugs, has a straightforward purpose: to bring strangers with similar interests together on a huge party line for information and fun (the group's) and profit (TeleSessions'). To take part in

* Not to be confused with Barbara Howar, an equally dazzling party scene-stealer.

"discussions you dial into," subscribers call TeleSessions' Manhattan number, specify their area of interest and are assigned to one of the groups. At the appointed hour (usually once a week), TeleSessions calls the subscriber to connect him with as few as ten or as many as two dozen other participants. For a fee of \$2 an hour—long-distance participants must call in themselves and also pay long-distance rates—TeleSessions hosts provide a special switchboard, coordinate and schedule each session and make the telephonic introductions of each newcomer to the group. They also screen out the cranks, disconnect the obstreperous and occasionally cut in to redirect a faltering discussion. An actual moderator, TeleSessions discovered, is unnecessary.

A unique telephone chemistry takes it from there; uncumbered by considerations of appearance or even identity (only first names are used), and sharing a common interest, the subscribers swing easily into freewheeling, relaxed conversations. For reasons that even the TeleSessions hosts don't fully understand, two people seldom talk at once, interruptions are rare and discussions generally follow a polite, orderly sequence. Among the specialty groups meeting regularly are gourmet cooks, advanced photographers and small-business presidents. Groups of science-fiction buffs, Buster Keaton fans and wine connoisseurs will soon be on the line.

Unlimited Possibilities. With a dozen or more "experts" on a single hookup, the pool of knowledge can be enormous. "Does anyone, by any chance, know the recipe for pumpkin soup?" asked a participant in a recent session of the cooks. From out of the void came a voice: "Hot or cold?" When an international traveler disclosed that he was leaving for India, another subscriber told him the name and phone number of an Indian who would lend him an automobile. "There are enough people on the line so that you can ask any question and get an answer," says TeleSessions President Ron Richards. "There are also enough people so that someone will ask a question for which you have the answer."

Richards, a former Bell Laboratories engineer and former Ph.D. candidate in applied mathematics at Harvard, founded TeleSessions after years of brooding about his conviction that some 50 million private telephones in the U.S. were being wasted in two-way conversations. "It's as if everybody had a TV set but there weren't any programs," he says. "So the possibilities are unlimited." Richards optimistically foresees the day when Paris chefs will join in a gourmet-cooks session, when labor negotiators mediate quickly and amiably (hostility seems to evaporate during a group phone discussion) and when brain surgeons or judges or astronomers keep abreast of their field through weekly convocations—all, of course, via TeleSessions.

Maggie the Policeman

Only two years ago, the Chicago Black Hawks were the pigeons of the National Hockey League. Despite such superstars as Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita, the Hawks somehow wound up dead last in their division. Then came an astounding turnaround. Last year the Hawks suddenly swooped off with top honors in their division. This year their new-found talons have been sharp enough to earn them 23 victories and five ties in their first 34 games. Much of the credit goes to Goalie Tony Esposito, who set a league record of 15 shutouts in his rookie season last year. But at least an equal share goes to another newcomer, a cherubic-looking young fellow named Keith Magnuson,



MAGNUSON IN ACTION
Everything but karate.

who shows the Hawks how to live up to their name.

Off the ice, Magnuson's bridgework gleams in a smile of childlike innocence, and bromides fall from his lips like gentle rain. On the ice, beware. The angelic face twists into a toothless snarl, while the bromides give way to threats of mayhem. Magnuson is a "policeman," a player whose job it is to keep the other team in line. Other than football, no team sport puts a greater premium on bodily contact than hockey—the crunching board check, the elbow-flailing combat for the puck behind the net, the boiling free-for-all over real or imagined irregularities. And as in football, the team that establishes its physical superiority is most often the one that wins. Says Conn Smythe, former president of the Toronto Maple Leafs: "You can't lick 'em on the ice if you can't lick 'em in the alley."

Like Mashing Marshmallows. Not that Magnuson actually goes looking for a fight. "That would be ridiculous," he says. But when trouble finds him or a teammate, Magnuson goes to work with fists, knees and elbows. No one is immune. The Detroit Red Wings' great Gordie Howe was one of Magnuson's childhood idols, but the very first time the 206-lb. Howe crashed head-on into the 185-lb. Magnuson, the youngster dropped his gloves and started swinging. The hard-nosed old warrior responded by soundly thrashing the rookie with several blows on the head. As he skated off, Howe muttered to one of Magnuson's teammates, "He's a tough kid. He'll learn."

Magnuson learned. Mashing rivals into the boards like marshmallows, the feisty young defenseman was involved in so many brawls that he piled up a total of 213 minutes in penalties his rookie season, highest mark in the National Hockey League. Trouble was, he often got as good as he gave. The karate lessons he had taken were of little help. "The secret of karate," he explains, "is using your feet to kick somebody. When your feet are in skates, it's not exactly legal." So during the off season, he studied boxing with former Bantamweight Champion Johnny Coulon. Result: this season Magnuson is again leading the league in penalties, only now he is leading with his left instead of his chin.

With Twelve Stitches. Magnuson has been challenging all comers since his childhood in Saskatoon, Sask. He was the youngest of three brothers who were known and feared in the local hockey leagues. After winning a scholarship to the University of Denver, he helped lead his hockey team to two national championships and was twice named All-America. One of the very few players ever to be recruited into the N.H.L. directly from a U.S. college, Magnuson bypassed the minor leagues and became a Hawk regular in his very first year.

When it comes to scoring, he scares no one (he has only one tally so far this season). But as a defenseman, he is quick enough to block more than his share of shots, and strong enough to overpower opponents in the corners or send them sprawling with jolting body checks. "My job is not to score goals," he says. "My job is to prevent the other team from scoring. After all, you are never going to get beat if the other team doesn't score." Or if some of their best players are not around to score. Earlier this season, Earl Heiskala of the Philadelphia Flyers tried to tangle with "Maggie," as Hawk fans affectionately call him. Putting his boxing lessons to good use, Magnuson decked Heiskala and sidelined him with a gashed lip that required twelve stitches.

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SHOW BUSINESS

Ali MacGraw: A Return to Basics

Scene: Loew's State 1, Manhattan. The innocent moviegoer and his girl head for the box office. Two signs: TICKET HOLDERS ONLY. TICKET BUYERS ONLY. Omigod, the temperature is about 19°—but they both have to see *Love Story*. She wants to see Ryan O'Neal, and he saw Ali MacGraw in *Goodbye, Columbus* and is hooked. She cried when she read the novel; he choked up. Who could resist Jennifer Cavillieri, the Radcliffe girl, condemned on the first page to a tragic death, then, loving Bach and the Beatles right to the end, expiring in her husband's arms? Leaving Harvard Scion Oliver Barrett IV with nothing but a ticket to Paris and a handful of bittersweet memories—plus about a drillion dollars from the dad who forgives him for marrying a Rhode Island Italian, now that she is dead.

Forty-five minutes later, the show breaks. While the frozen fanatics in line look on in disbelief, only about 20 customers emerge, dry-eyed. What the hell, was the theater empty? Can the film be a bomb after the New York Times called it "perfection"? More waiting, tempers rising. Then, ten minutes later, comes the second wave, the other 95% of the audience. This is more like it. Wet-eyed men looking neither right nor left. Girls carrying men's handkerchiefs, eye makeup gone, gazing at sidewalks. All victims of Erich Segal's *Love Story*, the five-Kleenex weeper, the marzipan heartbreaker. It has actually taken them ten minutes just to compose themselves enough to face the real world again.

THERE are millions more to come. Close to 1,000,000 copies of Segal's hardcover book are in print. *Love Story* is still number one on the bestseller list—while a 95¢ edition is the top-selling paperback. Now comes the celluloid version, manipulating audiences with contrived bathos. Let's see . . . if just the people who bought the book go to the movie and take someone they love, that's 12 million tickets at \$3 apiece . . . No wonder *Love Story* has enjoyed the largest opening-week grosses in the history of American cinema. No wonder that on Christmas Day, when it opened across the country, the movie broke the house record in 159 of 165 locations. In three days it earned \$2,463,916—more than it cost to make.

O'Neal does an admirable job of acting, but Ali MacGraw may have performed a miracle for Hollywood. She is an echo of a time when Celluloid City really was the dream factory, when people truly went to the movies every weekend. For Tinsel Town, she represents not only an irretrievable past but a plausible future. To moviemakers, she is the Girl Who Made *Love Story* Happen after six major studios had turned it down—the actress who was moved, she says, by the script's "straight, basic, clean emotion." She is today's closest approximation of the old-style star, with the Beverly Hills mansion, the burgeoning career, the marriage to the industry and the chance to become very, very rich.

Ali dismisses all this. "I'm not hungry enough to be a star," she says. "Or

even an actress." She doesn't have to be hungry or an actress. She just has to stand there, and people buy tickets. The clean-boned, finishing-school face, the large, liquid eyes that cannot express doubt, the barely upholstered model's body, the metallic purr—that is not standard histrionic equipment these days. But put them all together, and Ali makes them go. In two pictures, she has managed to suggest the incarnate campus heroine, full of itchy, bitchy resolve. Ultimately, she seems to suggest, if the right records are on the hi-fi and the right poetry is read aloud, well . . . In short, she is the kind of girl a boy would want to take home even if his parents were there, but especially if they were not.

Typically Rigged

Ali and half a dozen other handsome new faces (see *color pages*) represent a return to something basic in the U.S. cinema. To a fresh flowering of the romance and sentimentalism of the '30s and '40s. To a time when pictures told a story, when you could go to the movies and take the family, when you could lose yourself in fantasy, when you got chills at the final fadeout. Her appeal—and that of *Love Story*—is strong enough to counter gravity. Before it is finished, the movie will probably outgross *The Graduate* and *Easy Rider*, and perhaps come close to that alltime mint, *The Sound of Music*.

On the tinted face of it, *Love Story* is a typically rigged success, a prepackaged blockbuster. Take a bestseller,

O'NEAL AND MacGRAW AT STUDY IN A SCENE FROM "LOVE STORY"



aim it for blue-haired old ladies, put in a sprinkling of borderline obscenities, add a couple of attractive young people to get the kids, and that's it.

Or is it? If wishes were pencils, beggars could write—and today *Love Stories* would be churning out of studios like episodes of *Get Smart*. If packaging a hit were as easy as kidding it, show business would now be impervious to hard times. Instead, it is melting and sliding into recession like an ice cube on a stove. *Love Story* is a calculated movie, but not an automatic smash. Such things no longer exist. Aesthetically, it may be worth no more than the price of admission. As an example of historical irony, though, it is impossible to overprice.

Tuning Out Pollution

Irony is a joke that letters play on numbers, that humanity works on demographers. When the researchers decide that the nation hungers for raw meat, the country develops an appetite for Crunchy Granola; when politicians polarize, the voters cross party lines. Last year the television networks pushed relevance, but the viewers quickly bounced *Storefront Lawyers* out of their hole in the wall and into a respectable walnut-paneled office with paying clients. The explosive *Young Rebels* are out; *Marcus Welby, M.D.* (Middle-class, Dependable) is in. Last month James E. Duffy, president of ABC-TV, told the Broadcasters' Promotion Association that "while we were addressing ourselves to the very real concerns of our times—pollution, drug addiction, increasing crime, the generation gap—many viewers were tuning these problems out."

In book publishing, the situation is identical, only more so. Strome Lamson, advertising director of Simon & Schuster, figures that *Love Story* is about an inch from where it's at. "I think black study books and Women's Lib books have shot their wad," he says. "The kids want romance. They're discovering again that going to college is a wonderful little world. I can see them bringing back the Homecoming Queen and the pantie raids." James Silbermann, Random House's editor in chief, agrees: "People are tired of reading about drugs and blacks. These books don't have the same chic any more."

Movie companies, like cuckolded husbands, are always the last to know. In '69 and '70 they imitated the headlines, following the spoor of student protest and the little-read riding hoods of *Easy Rider*. All they got for their pains was a lungful of exhaust. "You can't fool the kids," says a character in Wilfrid Sheed's novel, *Max Jamison*. Replies the critic: "Good God, they're easier to fool than psychiatrists." So they are—but only once or twice. *Getting Straight* picked up a nice piece of change, but it was Elliott Gould's first film after *M*A*S*H*, the consummate war movie. *The Strawberry Statement* bombed in the U.S. So did *The Mug-*

ie Garden of Stanley Sweetheart. And *Move*. It was all reminiscent of the Royal Nonesuch in *Huckleberry Finn*. The first night, half the town came to the non-show. The second night the other half came. The third night, both halves came—and nearly tarred and feathered the players.

No one rises against a piece of celluloid (though some aesthetes threw beer cans at the graven image of Myra Breckinridge). Contemporary audiences have a far more effective method of protest: they stay away. For Hollywood, the 1970 statistics are terrifying: the films that are still earning heavy profits constitute a mere skeleton crew. There is *M*A*S*H*, in a clash by itself. There is that blown-up personality poster, *Patton*, which knocks the military-industrial complex—and then gift-wraps itself in the flag. As for the biggest grosser of the year, it is an overpriced, old-fashioned, romantic rhinestone called *Airport*. By December it had pulled in \$65 million.

So the financially shaken show-business industry has rushed out to take another look at the old seismograph. The earthquake, it finds, has faded to an indecipherable rumble. Irwin Winkler, coproducer of *The Strawberry Statement*, announces that his next picture is being overhauled to give it "more general appeal"—a nice way of saying that unemployed teen-agers are becoming bourgeois adults. "The *Easy Rider* syndrome," reports *Variety*, may have "been put to rest."

Then along came salvation in the pastel costume of *Love Story*. MCA President Lew Wasserman, who began learning about show business as a vaudeville candy butcher 45 years ago, has his own judgment of *Love Story*: "The audience that many companies felt was no longer there has been there all the time. I don't think the romantic interest went away. *We* went away."

Meet John Doe

Indeed, in its desperate effort to be With It, Hollywood has run against the American grain and emerged with splinters. American romanticism began with the Revolution and continued with validity through the poetry and philosophy of the 19th century. "Pioneering," wrote Lewis Mumford, "may in part be described as the Romantic Movement in action." That action animated Progress, and eventually Commerce. It also illuminated the writings of Philosopher William James, who championed sensation over determinism, and the thought and actions of Emerson and Thoreau, who sought wisdom in intuition and found God immanent in the natural cathedral.

America's romantic gospels submerged in the superscientific 20th century, but were never far beneath the surface. In films, they seemed to fluctuate with the toughness of the times. Gary Cooper, the loner beating the system in *Meet John Doe*, Frank Capra's



"RYAN'S DAUGHTER"



"MARCUS WELBY, M.D."



"AIRPORT"



DYLAN ALBUM

mystical belief in neighbors and small towns (*Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*; *It's a Wonderful Life*)—these were symptoms of a national desire to leave complexities behind at the moviehouse door.

In the '50s, "coolness" became emblematic of national life. Jack and Jackie Kennedy added a brief romantic thaw in 1960, but assassination glazed open displays of feelings. In the middle and latter '60s, romanticism became "camp." Old movies were appreciated because the emotion was behind glass, and confined to a 20-inch screen. On that scale, a kid could safely dig Bogart's telling Sam to play *As Time Goes By* without being accused of emotionalism. Sentiment, no matter how florid, was permissible if it was ancient: westerns, turn-of-the-century valentines, revivals of theater period pieces like *The Front Page* or *Harvey* (preferably with period stars like James Stewart and Helen Hayes). Novels could be as old-fashioned as *Silas Marner*, provided that they shared the joke with the readers, as did John Fowles in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

Feeling, Not Action

Only in popular music did the romantic strain run unabashed. In Milt Okun's *Great Songs of the Sixties*, almost every number exerts a romantic appeal. To be sure, there are no moony love numbers. But there are long glances at the rear-view mirror (*Yesterday*; *It Was a Very Good Year*; *Those Were the Days*; *Try to Remember*), hymns to individuality in a societal crush (*Little Boxes*; *We Shall Overcome*; *The Times They Are A-Changin'*), and—most surprisingly in a secular era—a strong, if unspecific theology: *Bridge Over Troubled Water*; *The Weight*; *Turn! Turn! Turn!*. It continues to the present with Bob Dylan's *New Morning*.

Feelings, in short, could be sung but not said. Not in public. Not on campus. Surely not in a contemporary book or a film. Herman Hesse, yes; he was safely Nobel-prized—and safely dead. But *Love Story*?

The success would have been as unthinkable during the rages and outrages of 1969 as it seems inevitable in 1971. "The mood today," says Dr. Ernest Van Den Haag, a New York University social philosopher, "particularly on campus, is toward personal relationships rather than politics, love rather than sex, feeling rather than action. Not by accident does this mood coincide with the Nixon era. We've had two Presidents with activist images; they didn't solve our problems. Now the era of causes is practically over. Two years ago, we had a great number of mass actions: peace marches, college demonstrations, etc. They weren't successful. Today we're entering an era not of radical advances, but of consolidation. We're turning inside rather than outside."

The American public, suffering

"The Romanticist
has in him something of
The Exhibitionist."

Ozenfant.



I do my thing,
And you do your thing
I am not in this world
To live up to your expectations,
And you are not in this world
To live up to mine.

You are you.
And I am I

And if by chance we find each other

It's beautiful.

If not,
It can't be helped.



ALI'S ART (GROUNDS AT BOTTOM)
Just possibly miraculous.

through assassinations, war, technocracy, revolt and recession, had eventually to suffer metal fatigue. "Systems die, instincts remain" observed Oliver Wendell Holmes. Unable and unwilling to rely on institutions or revolution, the U.S. has fallen back on pure feeling. The reaction is ominously reminiscent of the '30s and '40s, an epoch beyond the memory of the young—who nonetheless repeat its rhythms.

If it all heralds moral exhaustion, an inability to care, then the new romanticism may well be a disease loose in the body politic. But if it is merely America catching its breath, refusing to rage, to lean permanently on the poles of left and right, then it might be as salutary for the country as it will be profitable for Hollywood. With *Love Story*, the town sees a comeback, a chance to make films that no longer strain for an indecipherable segment of the unfathomable audience. It makes the kind of fiscal sense that no company can afford to ignore. A GP film can admit Mom and Dad, plus the two kids shut out of *Easy Rider*, plus an aunt or a grandmother. That makes an increase of 60%.

Of course, the film is a phenomenon—there has been nothing like it in a generation. And nothing like its star, Ali MacGraw, to remind the world of the kind of stars that used to glisten in Hollywood.

Very, Very Loved

Even off-screen, she seems to have been scripted by a nostalgic romanticist. She grew up in New York's Westchester County, amid acres of woods that looked like backdrops for Burne-Jones paintings. Ali lived like one of the foreground figures. "We had rather little money," she recalls. "My parents were artists; for Christmas, my mother used to make me things like a doll's house with chandeliers and wallpaper inside, and dresses for the dolls. In the winter, my brother Dick and I sat in front of the fireplace and talked with my father, surrounded by books. We were very, very loved." There was no cash for private high school but Ali won a scholarship to Rosemary Hall in Greenwich, Conn. "I was a terrific student and a very aggressive little girl," she smiles, "and a righteous little student leader." It was only toward the end of her stretch that she began to be bothered by a small, nagging fact: she had never had a date.

The amalgam of drive and IQ earned her another scholarship—to Wellesley. The gangly figure ungathered and the crooked teeth began to straighten. The boys started turning around when she passed, and the empty social calendar was soon crammed. There was still no money: during her freshman summer Ali waited on tables at the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall hotel in Atlantic City. Brother Dick remembers the pretty 18-year-old with the Irish temper simmering on the back burner. "To me, she really became a human being the time she

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY BOB WILLOUGHBY FROM LEE GRONK



Joanna Shimkus, *the Virgin of The Virgin* and the Gypsy, "cried like blazes" at *Love Story*. "Movies are going back to entertainment and escape," she says.



Karen Black (Five Easy Pieces) describes herself as a "new romantic" who believes in "Abe Lincoln America."



Barbara Hershey (The Baby Maker) feels that love stories "appeal to people forever, not for just the moment."

Margot Kidder (Quackser Fortune): "There's nothing more heart-warming than a good cry over somebody else's love affair."



Carrie Snodgrass (Diary of a Mad Housewife) feels that the new romanticism has helped her "get over my paranoia about my body."



"I'm a romantic to the end," says Sarah Miles (Ryan's Daughter). "I think people are sick of all the sex stuff. They want a story. Life is so hard to live anyway. The cinema should give us something beautiful."

was waiting on a table with a great bunch of waitress-kidders. They began riding her, and suddenly a whole tray of food landed on them."

At the end of her sophomore year, Ali won *Mademoiselle's* guest-editor contest; the regulars on the magazine referred her to the Ford modeling agency. But "by the end of my junior year," Ali remembers, "I had gained too much weight for modeling. I didn't care." In 1960 she graduated and—just like Jennifer Cavilleri in *Love Story*—married her Harvard beau. It lasted a year and a half. "We were children," she says. "We didn't have anything to say to each other except pleasantries."

Something of the Exhibitionist

After a \$50-per-week job as editorial assistant to Editor Diana Vreeland at *Harper's Bazaar*, Ali signed on as a photographer's helper and began to carom around New York. "I never had a hi-fi or even a sofa in those days," she recalls. "I just threw a mattress on the floor most places." One semipermanent resting place was the pad of a struggling young actor. He and a Brindle Scottish Terrier named Grounds became her most constant companions. By 1967 she had stopped carrying the cameras and began appearing in front of them. She had in fact become a sensational model—and promptly attracted the attention of a movie agent who had seen her TV commercials for Chanel No. 5 Bath Oil. Ali turned him off—fast. She had met a slew of movie people on location: "I categorically decided I didn't want to be involved in the racket."

Then came the temptation to do Philip Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus*. Ali, who loved the book, wanted the part of the central character, Brenda Patimkin, but the part did not want her. When she tried for it, she met a hundred excuses. Ali was not Jewish, she did not have enough experience, there were bigger names who wanted to play the part. Then, after six months, Director Larry Peerce decided that the inexperienced kid was right for it after all. The role earned Ali a fast \$10,000 and even faster fame. "When I saw those reviews, I knew I was in over my head," she says. But she had signed a five-picture contract with Paramount and started at last to study acting. She was 30 years old. No recent ingenue had made it so big so late. There was a lot of catching up to do. Like consulting a psychiatrist. "I thought I wasn't worthy of all that attention. I was so unhappy, and scared that what I wanted to be as a person was going to go under."

As with most neo-romantic concepts, that "person" had no clear form; it was a filmy outline sketched in innumerable entries in a leather-bound book that Ali keeps at her bedside. It is filled with pressed flowers, insightful quotes, like Amédée Ozenfant's "The Romanticist has in him something of the Exhibitionist," and clippings of poems, like Yevtushenko's on the Ken-



WITH RICHARD BENJAMIN IN "COLUMBUS"
Life story in the characters.

edy assassination: "Loving freedom with bullets, you shoot at yourself, America!" It is also filled with thin-line sketches of astonishing virtuosity, reminiscent, like the artist, of illustrations in Edwardian children's books.

Ali in Wonderland?

What was a nice, ivy-minded, dreamy kid doing in a place like Hollywood? Maybe it was a case of positive-negative attraction. Maybe it was her post-graduate fascination with F. Scott Fitzgerald, the ultimate Princetonian, fresh from Metro drinking himself to death just one year after Alice MacGraw was born. Fitzgerald wrote: "People in the East pretend to be interested in how pictures are made, but if you tell them anything, they never see the ventriloquist for the doll. Even the intellectuals, who ought to know better, like to hear about the pretensions, extravagances, and vulgarities—tell them pictures have a private grammar and watch the blank look come into their faces."

Paramount Production Chief Robert Evans remembers that blank look. "I shook hands with her for a year and a half. Otherwise she had nothing to do with me. I wasn't her kind of guy. Everything I represented seemed to turn her off." Recalls Ali: "I took one look at that enormous house of Bob's and in my high-handed way said, 'Well, I know what this is about and it's not for me.'" What it was about was 18 rooms and 26 phones, most of them chourishing with jangles from New York.

Evans himself seemed not to have been born but to have exited directly from a '30s scenario. A refugee from New York's Seventh Avenue fashion industry, he had been twice married and was a celebrated Hollywood rounder. His entrance into motion pictures was too ridiculous to have been invented.

Norma Shearer had seen him lounging, tan and beautiful, at poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel. She decided that he was just the chap to play her late husband, MGM mogul Irving Thalberg, in the movie *Man of a Thousand Faces*. As it turned out, Actor Evans had one face: immobile. He also played Ava Gardner's bullfighter in *The Sun Also Rises*. It was bad enough that Papa Hemingway did not want him in the film. Neither did Tyrone Power. Or Errol Flynn. Even Mel Ferrer turned thumbs down. "They resented the fact," says Evans with acuity, "that a pants manufacturer was playing Pedro Romero."

But for Evans, after the infighting and jealousies of Seventh Avenue, the business side of Hollywood was like a week in the country. He sold his shares in the pants company (Evan-Picone), grossed a few million bucks and began a new life as an independent producer. Conglomerateur Charles Bluhdorn figured that Evans was just the man to run Gulf & Western's new bauble, Paramount, and put him in charge. Evans started well, with successful films, including *The Odd Couple*, *Barefoot in the Park*, *Rosemary's Baby* and *Goodbye, Columbus*. But he also shepherded some monumental losers, notably *Paint Your Wagon* and *Darling Lili*.

Losses mounted; Evans became a Second-act customer. He was not, after all, Irving Thalberg. Still, he was a contemporary version of the studio czar, a two-time loser as a husband, an 18-hour-a-day man at the office, constantly visible at parties, previews, promotions. Was this what a Wellesley girl was meant for? Entries in the Ali MacGraw notebook: 1) "To marry a second time represents the triumph of hope over experience." 2) "Do you want to be in the movies?" he asked. "Yes, I think so . . . Now," she said. "Why?" "Because . . . I guess . . . it will be okay to invent my life for three months every year." 3) [after a particularly good day with Evans] "Today is September

MODELING IN "MADEMOISELLE" (1968)



28th, 1969, and I cannot remember that I ever had a more beautiful happy day in my whole life. Maybe I did. . . . I can't remember. . . . I doubt it. . . ."

Star stuff. Disney dust. But all of it absolutely legit. Six weeks after Ali took a derisive look at the Evans mansion she married him, phones and all. The baby she is expecting in February is referred to by its mother as "The Phone." "Bob never wished he was somebody else," says Ali. "It's a good feeling for a woman to be with a man like that." As for the Hollywood life-style that comes with the role: "Hollywood scares me. But we don't live the Hollywood life. Bob goes to the office and works his ass off. I stay home and read. Bob is in touch; I'm in touch with reality less of the time than most other people."

Who in his right head would have believed that Ali MacGraw would be the divining rod for a movie trend? A lady who never watches television, who wrote a whole book when Grounds was killed by a car, who copied out Fitzgerald's *Winter Dreams* in longhand for Evans? Not even her husband could see it. Recalls Evans: "When Ali read *Love Story* and cried, I thought, 'Fine, it's an emotional story, she responds to it, and maybe some small segment of the public will. Maybe some middle-aged people. Maybe some kids, some Ali MacGraws. I hated all those Now pictures—including some of our own. I thought it would be a good, small, profitable trend bucker. But a phenomenon? No way.'"

Other People's Convictions

Nevertheless, Evans treated *Love Story* as if it were something more than a home movie. On location Evans started doing his cinemogulimitation. "The picture became an obsession with him," recalls Evans' assistant Peter Bart. "He went on location. Lived with the crew. He was with it every night. He edited it, mixed the music, took over the promotion. It was like old Hollywood all over again." So were the previews, the whispered anxieties, the scrutinizing of key faces: "I saw Edward G. Robinson cry." "Eddie Robinson's 73 years old, for God's sake." "The kids like it, I saw tears." "Those are yawns." "Those are tears, I tell you. . . ."

They were tears. And the kids have bought it. On Christmas weekend—largely from young couples and families—*Love Story* grossed more than any film in history: \$2,463,916. It has only begun to bring in the money, but it has already altered the "new" Hollywood beyond ready recognition. The place where executives put away their cigars and grew sideburns overnight, the

industry that was welcoming kids from U.C.L.A. with a Bolex and a two-page outline—suddenly, it is in show business again. Says Evans: "At Paramount we learned a long, four-year, expensive lesson. From now on we make our kind of pictures. No directors who have final cut. We have final cut. Paul Newman may be one of our best actors, but he will not be allowed to make more *WUSAs* to salve his liberal conscience. From now on, there will be no concessions to swingers or to stars over here. The story is the star."

PETER BORSARI—CAMERA 5



MR. & MRS. ROBERT EVANS IN HOLLYWOOD
Directly from a '30s scenario.

The story all over Hollywood, unless the business is careful, may turn out to be *Love Story* in disguise. MGM Production Chief Herb Solow is dead set against imitation, but adds: "We have a couple of romantic projects we developed over the years. We've taken them out again for a fresh look in the light of the success of *Ryan's Daughter* and *Love Story*." American International Pictures, which likes to exhibit the courage of other people's convictions, is at the head of the line. From the company that gave you *Beach Blanket Bingo* and *I Was a TeenAge Werewolf* will soon come—*Wuthering Heights*. "We were among the first to get into the youth-rebellion market," says Samuel Arkoff, A.I.P. chairman. "But we began

to sense that that vein was pretty well mined. We felt there was going to be an abrupt shift to love stories."

Edd Henry, vice president of MCA, concurs: "The old film styles will be popular again. There will be warm, pleasant love stories—if they can find the people to play them. One of the problems in doing love stories is that there are no Tyrone Powers and Ava Gardners. There is a need to get some nicer-looking people."

For a start they might try Ali MacGraw, but there are a whole flock of young starlets who fit the mood of the return to romance. There is, for example, Margot Kidder, a *Love Story* hater ("Two marshmallow people marching around trying to be brave") and one of the great bodies of the Western world as well as the Tomato Surprise of *Quacker Fortune*. Or Carrie Snodgrass, unforced, radiant star of the arch, dim *Diary of a Mad Housewife*. Perhaps the most technically skilled of the new romanticists, she insists: "We need stories about relationships between people. Real relationships that confront the normalcy of life. There's a difference between opportunistic eroticism and the eroticism of truth."

Karen Black, the most delightful piece of *Five Easy Pieces*, agrees. "Sex is a good subject," she says. "But if your sense of sex is covert and your ideas about sex bring an aberrated gleam to your eye, the scene is going to be below my level of acceptability." How's that again? "Sexuality has more to do with it than just going to bed with someone. It has to do with loving, listening, touching, making the other person happy." Joanna Shimkus (*The Virgin and the Gypsy*) is, like Ali MacGraw, a model turned actress—with a special, highly charged screen presence. She, too, is part of the new romanticism. "I'm old-fashioned," she insists. "I don't believe in promiscuity. I don't believe in drugs. Anything that feels

as good as pot must be bad for you. I believe in love. I guess at heart I'm a pure romantic. I believe a woman's place is in the home."

Sarah Miles not only endorses the new romanticism; she is part of it in the overblown *Ryan's Daughter*, a love story set in troubled Ireland, that was written by her husband, Robert Bolt. "The critics are panning the movie," she admits, "but people desperately want it because they're pouring into the box office. I think people are weary of all the sex stuff. They want a story, which they're not getting at the moment. I believe in the film because I'm a romantic to the end. I believe in morality; I believe in right and wrong and not doing your own

thing. I believe in working for marriage."

The problem in the '70s will not be enough players. Where there are beautiful women, men can always be found. Far more threatening to the reviving industry is a misreading of the entrails, a miscalculation of public opinion. To return to the stereotypical Joan Crawford flick ("Let me alone, Paul, I'm a lost crusade") would be to drown in a sea of sorghum, to turn off the young, the middle-aged and the old. To generations brought up on television, every plot is known; to a sexually liberated society, every shock has been felt or consciously bypassed.

Volcanic Desire

The lesson of *Love Story's* incredible success lies in its ties to romanticism, in its simple—and simple-minded—refusal to swing, in its ability to entertain. That it seems to herald a return to old-fashioned film making is not necessarily bad news for new film makers. In a dying industry, there is no room for anyone; in a boom town, everybody works. *Love Story* can only bring grief if it is treated like a new *Sound of Music*, the film that was responsible for such trendy megaton disasters as *Sweet Charity*, *On a Clear Day You Can Paint Your Wagon*.

Gordon Stulberg, president of Cinema Center Films, expresses a questionable view when he declares: "There is a volcanic desire on the part of directors, executives and players to come up with films that will open in New York and get *The New Yorker*, *TIME*, the *New York Times*. They live in euphoria for three weeks, and then the film goes out of town and dies. Our supposition and proposition at this company is a broad base of entertainment."

Entertainment, yes; sleaziness, no. Violinist Mischa Elman used to admit, "If I don't practice, the first night I notice it; the second night the critics notice it; the third night, the public." It is true that *Airport*, for example, was bombed by reviewers—and is still the big picture of 1970. There will always be an *Airport* in the worst of years. Forgotten are the features that did not work for either critics or public—overpriced losers like *Scrooge*, or *Dirty Dingus Magee* or *Cromwell*, or *Tora! Tora! Tora!*

It is perhaps too early to tell whether the new romanticism is a wave or a ripple, whether the new, new Hollywood will hold or go under. What is certain is that *Love Story* has succeeded because of some organic need in '70s America, that people will leave the tube for a movie—if it is the right movie. What will be the right films for the '70s? Well, since Ali MacGraw appears to be the best indicator, perhaps a Samuel Johnson quote, carefully entered in her leather notebook, ought to be engraved over the entrances to the major studios: "Almost all absurdity of conduct arises from the imitation of those whom we cannot resemble."



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

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HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

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MUSIC

A Classical Woodstock

Five young string players stayed up all night in a Manhattan hotel room playing Schubert and Brahms, the grumbling of the management to no avail. The next morning, along with half a hundred others, they assembled at Carnegie Hall for a rehearsal with Conductor-Violinist Alexander ("Sasha") Schneider. "It's not warm enough," said Schneider after a few bars, and he was not referring to Carnegie's central heating. That afternoon, they were all downtown at The New School rehearsing chamber music. "Your pizzicato sounds terribly dry," complained Violinist Felix Galimir to a group in one classroom. In another room Cellist Mischa Schneider (Alexander's brother) exhorted, "Sing, sing, sing!"

So it went on a typical day last week during New York's Second Annual Christmas String Seminar. Sasha Schneider served as a combination guru, godfather and gourmet guide—preaching music to his temporary flock, shepherding them around town, invariably leading them en masse to one of his favorite Chinese restaurants. Sponsored by Carnegie Hall, The New School and the National Endowment for the Arts, the seminar brought together 57 youthful players between the ages of 14 and 22 for ten days of expert coaching, supervised practice and—for players so young—the rare opportunity to give three orchestral concerts at Carnegie Hall. The kids gave up their Christmas leisure to eat and sleep music. So did Sasha, along with Mischa, Felix, Contralto Maureen Forrester and Violinists Itzhak Perlman and Jaime Laredo. The result was a contrived yet carefree musical happening that bore some resemblance to a classical Woodstock. As a young second violinist put it: "The vibes were good."

Triumph of Joy. Sasha Schneider, himself the former second violinist of the Budapest Quartet and the guiding genius behind the annual Casals Festival

in Puerto Rico, is a man ill equipped by talent or temperament to put up with total beginners. Each participant arrived with a full supply of credentials, plus technique—gained largely from such conservatories as Eastman, Curtis or Juilliard. But at competitive schools like these, there is often an overwhelming emphasis on individual virtuosity and solo work. Schneider's main purpose was to teach the youngsters both the difficulties and the joys of making music together.

Nothing showed the triumph of joy over difficulty as much as the concerts themselves. Joy lay in the delight of balanced line and cooperative spirit in such works as Bach's *Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor* (soloists: Perlman and Laredo) and Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat, K. 364* (soloists: two brilliant and beautiful Japanese women, Violinist Hiroko Yajima and Violist Nobuko Imai). In Haydn's *Symphony No. 49 in F Major*, joy swelled from the powerful ebb and flow of phrase, showing why a composition that often tinkles merrily in lesser hands fully deserves its subtitle "*La Passione*." To be sure, the string playing lacked the flawless sheen of, say, the Philadelphia Orchestra. But few conductors would not have envied the vibrancy of tone that Schneider brought from his youthful group. It was as though each member of the orchestra felt that he was the only one playing. That, in fact, was one of Schneider's aims. "This is why I tell an orchestra, every one of you has to play like a soloist in a quartet," Schneider told TIME's Rosemarie Tauris. "And this is why these kids sound so fantastic."

Loving Music. The average professional symphony does not always radiate that kind of vibrant joy, because there are usually 18 first violinists playing the same passage, and each one of them knows that he can ease up now and then and get away with it. Too often, that comforting knowledge leads to sleepy mediocrity. "I blame the teach-

ers," says the peppery Schneider, who has never once relaxed onstage and probably never will. "And I blame the conductors for not making the orchestra members feel that they are musicians. Better to let a player express himself too much than not at all." Musicianship and self-expression are the two gifts Schneider hopes each seminar member will take away with him. "The most dangerous age for young musicians is between 15 and 20," he says. "That's when they decide whether they love music enough to continue being musicians or decide to give it up."

Schneider's theory is that loving in music is like any other kind of love-making—to receive, one must give. "Sure, we get tired," says Violinist Stanley Kurtis, 20, of Juilliard. "But he pushes on, and we gain strength." Cellist Eugene Moye came away from the seminar hoping that people will think twice before dismissing the entire younger generation. "I think it is important that a lot of kids 'wasted' their Christmas holidays just to play music nine hours a day. And most of them are just kids. At 19, compared to them, I feel old."

Tin Pan Tailor

Neil Diamond grew up in Brooklyn, where the latest pop hits sailed out of the radio all day long like home runs out of Ebbets Field. He learned to read music from a few sporadic piano lessons, but most of his knowledge was picked up by listening to records and studying other people's hits. He wrote his first song at 15. At 20, he went to work as a song plunger on Tin Pan Alley—then as now a mythical street on the tattered fringe of Broadway. Hired by Sunbeam Music, Diamond sometimes felt like a tailor, sitting in a tiny cubicle and fitting songs to the needs of assorted Grade B singers. "Gloria wants an up-tempo ballad like that Patti Page thing," the boss would say. "And while you're at it, throw in some bongos."

Diamond was a good musical tailor, but he managed to move up and out of the Alley in a hurry. Today, at 29, he is a smooth, inventive composer-performer with various talents that have enabled him not only to bridge the generation gap but to leap all the way from commercial pop to rock stardom. In the past three years, Diamond has turned out enough hit songs (among them: *Kentucky Woman* and *Sweet Caroline*) to keep the current champion, Burt Bacharach, watchful and busy. But where Bacharach plods as a performer, Diamond dances.

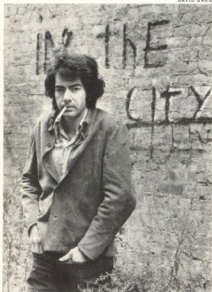
In person, Diamond has a naturalness and relaxed cool that are fine foils for rhythms as infectious as a Mardi Gras parade. His voice still has a touch of the crooner, but it can turn soulful. His songs delve ingeniously into hard and soft rock, blues, gospel, even country rock—a range of styles that Bacharach does not even try to match. Diamond's latest album, *Tap Root Manuscript* (Uni), was No. 16 on the *Bill-*

SASHA SCHNEIDER REHEARSING YOUNG MUSICIANS IN NEW YORK



SHARON JAYE RAY

DAVID GARR



NEIL DIAMOND

Like home runs out of Ebbets Field.

board charts last week—with more than \$1,000,000 in sales. That gives him four top-selling LPs at once.

Six-Pack. *Tap Root* is ample proof of Diamond's versatility. Side 1 contains *Cracklin' Rosie* (a reference to the joys of loosening up with a sparkling pink wine), a Top Ten single for two months last fall, as well as the new *He Ain't Heavy . . . He's My Brother*, currently the No. 22 single.

Side 2 is devoted entirely to *The African Trilogy*, which grew out of Diamond's interest in gospel music and his desire to explore its rhythmic roots. Using African beats—more sophisticated than African melodies—Diamond grandly started out to depict the three principal stages in a man's life: birth, maturity, death. Though the trilogy finally grew to six parts, Diamond liked the original title and kept it.

Trilogy or six-pack, it is a stunning example of pop crossbreeding: *Soulaimon*, for example, is a pulsating toe-tapper that Diamond terraces forcefully with one climax after another. In contrast are these tender lines from a children's chorus called *Childsong* that opens the work:

Weeping sky,
We bring the sun
To make you glad
And fill you with the day . . .

Back at Sunbeam Music, Diamond became quite good at spotting a dud song—or so he thought. "Like the time these two guys in the cubicle next to me kept beating out those old-fashioned Jewish tunes. Man, I knew for sure they weren't going anywhere." The two guys were Bock and Harnick, and the Jewish songs eventually evolved into *Fiddler on the Roof*. Diamond doesn't make that kind of mistake any more.

■ William Bender

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The big hurdle is getting the oil to market. The job could be done with tankers, but feasibility studies on alternate delivery methods showed the best solution had to be a pipeline—stable, controlled, monitored and stationary—safe.

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We accept the fact that some 205 million Americans will be looking over our shoulders to make sure we do the job right. We know environmental problems must be faced—and solved—before the project can proceed. It will take a great deal of care and a great deal of money, but we know we can build the pipeline without significant damage to the land or to the wildlife.

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In subsequent messages, we shall explain our proposed route, our research and our stringent pipeline safety precautions. If, in the meantime, you'd like more information, write us: Public Affairs Division, Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, 1815 South Bragaw Street, Anchorage, Alaska 99503.

Alyeska Pipeline Service Company

THE LAW

Clemency in Arkansas

Capital punishment in the U.S., as a practical matter, is in a state of abeyance. While a new ruling from the Supreme Court is pending, however, death rows remain very much of a reality to their occupants, and there are still many appeals in litigation. Last week one type of solution came from Arkansas, a state noted until now for its harsh treatment of felons. Governor Winthrop Rockefeller, who leaves office this month, exercised his right of executive clemency and commuted the death sentences of all 15 prisoners who had been awaiting execution. It was the most sweeping use within memory of a state chief executive's power to revoke capital punishment.

A longtime foe of the death penalty, Rockefeller announced his new decision with obvious feeling: "What earthly mortal has the omnipotence to say who among us shall live and who shall die? I do not. Moreover, I cannot and will not turn my back on lifelong Christian teachings and beliefs, merely to let history run out its course on a fallible and failing theory of punitive justice." He urged other Governors to follow his lead "so that as a people we may hasten the elimination of barbarism as a tool of American justice."

Enforcement Bonanza. No other Governor has commuted a death sentence for 18 months, though such action was once common. Historically, better than half of the death penalties imposed by American courts have been commuted. But as no one for the moment is in danger of being executed, Governors have felt less pressure to use their privilege. At the same time, the commuting of prison terms has remained a little-publicized but common practice, used almost as routinely as paroles to reduce sentences. Commutation is, of course, not the equivalent of a par-

don; the 15 Arkansas convicts are still under life sentences, unless the Governor makes a further move.

Rockefeller's decision to commute every death sentence was neither impulsive nor solely the product of his moral concern. The move was extensively debated within his staff and in consultations with Stanford Law Professor Anthony Amsterdam, the chief strategist of the nationwide legal campaign against capital punishment. One compelling argument was that it would cost Arkansas an estimated \$1,500,000 to attempt to execute all 15 men, considering the many appeals that would have been argued. Because no one has been executed in the U.S. in more than three years, says Amsterdam, "the logjam of those on death row is now so severe that even Governors with a so-called law-and-order attitude may find it in the interest of their states to commute. The funds thus released would buy a bonanza in more effective law enforcement." After Arkansas' innovation, the nation's death-row population in state and federal prisons is now down to 607.

Captain MacDonald's Ordeal

Jeffrey MacDonald had been schooled to believe that the system treats deserving individuals justly. He was an all-American achiever who had always found his merit rewarded. An honors student at Princeton, he married his high school sweetheart, went on to Northwestern University Medical School and an internship at New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. When MacDonald joined the Army as a doctor, he went after and earned a Green Beret.

Then one terrifying night last February, Captain MacDonald awoke to a nightmare. As he tells it, three long-haired young men and a blonde girl invaded his home at Fort Bragg, N.C., while he was sleeping. They left his pregnant wife and two daughters stabbed and beaten to death. MacDonald himself was stabbed 19 times and clubbed on the head. Horrible as that was, it was only the beginning of his ordeal. Agents of the Army's Criminal Investigation Division (CID) soon concluded that the young doctor had made up the hippie story to cover his own guilt, and they set out to prove it. They did not do well. In fact, so clumsy and so slipshod was the CID investigation that the Army has now been forced to undertake the embarrassing task of re-examining various aspects of the entire proceeding.

Flowerpot. It was not that the investigation had been too brief. Local police rounded up scores of young people who might have been the invaders described by MacDonald. When none of them seemed to be the murderers, the CID turned back to the captain. Though the agents apparently found little that



MacDONALD AFTER HEARING
The investigation was all but criminal.

was damning in his background, they formed the theory that MacDonald and his wife Colette had had a violent argument over his younger daughter's bed wetting and that the angry words ended in the slaughter. Then MacDonald ripped up the house and, being a doctor, added a few careful stab wounds to those already inflicted by his wife as she fought back. The CID's chief reasons for accusing MacDonald seemed to be its view that 1) there was no firm physical evidence of any intruders; 2) part of MacDonald's ripped pajama top was found under his wife's body, suggesting that they had been struggling; 3) a flowerpot was found standing upright, though its contents were spilled out on the floor, indicating staged disorder.

For MacDonald, the major blow was not so much that the CID disbelieved him as that it pursued its investigation so ineptly that it gravely damaged his chances of establishing the truth of his own story. According to an official Army report obtained by TIME reporters, the investigation was all but criminally sloppy. The problem began almost as soon as MacDonald summoned the military police.

Within half an hour, the murder site was overrun with milling MPs and representatives of the CID. While one officer wandered around ordering everyone not to touch anything, another investigator calmly used the phone, leaving a smudged collage of fingerprints. In the end, a variety of fingerprints found throughout the house turned out to belong to investigating agents. Because the house remained unsealed for at least two hours, no one could be sure whether dirt stains discovered on the rug had come in with the investigators or with earlier intruders. In addition, the area around the base was supposed to have been quickly blocked off, but it later came out that no one had even thought to give the necessary order.

No agent interrogated MacDonald in any detail for weeks. He was well enough



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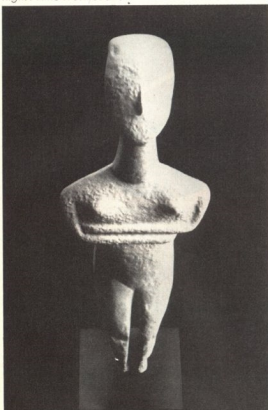
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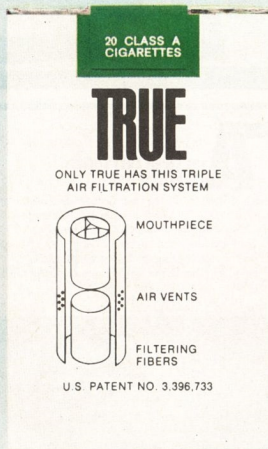
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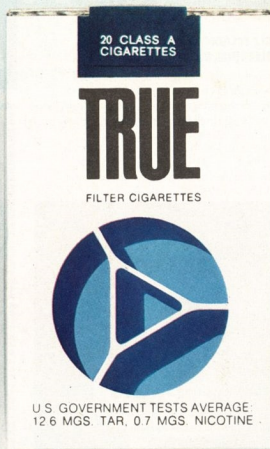
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to leave the hospital in twelve days, but it was not until six weeks after the murders that he was suddenly questioned at length by the CID man in charge. Ordered to return to his quarters, where he was to be confined, he found his phone line cut. He was prevented from reaching an attorney until the following day.

When he was taken to the staff judge advocate's office, MacDonald was assigned a military attorney who, he remembers, greeted him by saying, "We've got a defense all set for you. We've been working on it for a month." Then one of the two lawyers who had been peripherally involved in the defense consultation was switched over and made a junior member of the prosecution team. Before that happened though, MacDonald had decided to call in civilian lawyers.

Blood Print. Philadelphia Attorneys Bernard Segal and Dennis Eisman found their skills tried in uncommon ways. During closed hearings to determine whether there should be a court-martial, the CID sought to obtain hair samples from MacDonald. One day after a courtroom session, Army agents simply ran MacDonald's car off the road, flipped the protesting Eisman to the ground and took MacDonald off in "protective custody." After one doctor had taken snips of hair from all over MacDonald's body, the agents decided that the captain did not need protective custody any more.

The CID had already bobbled one bit of analysis when it claimed that some hair on MacDonald's coat was his wife's; it turned out to have come from his horse. The new samples taken from MacDonald were to be compared with bits of hair found under his wife's fingernails, but when pressed for a finding during the preliminary hearing, Chief Investigator Franz Grebner said that he had lost the reports. When finally presented to the court, the information revealed that the blonde strands under Colette MacDonald's fingernails did not match the hair of any other member of the family.

The defense also belatedly learned that wax droppings had been found at the murder scene and that these also did not match any possible sources of wax in the house. The prosecution did not mention this information before the hearing, though MacDonald had maintained from the beginning that one of the intruders had carried a soft, candlelike light while chanting "Acid is groovy. Kill the pigs. Hit 'em again." Then there were the unidentified fingerprints. Though 46 such prints were found—including one in blood in Mrs. MacDonald's jewelry box—none was ever sent to the FBI for a check with its master file.

During cross-examination of witnesses, the doctor who examined the bodies at the scene contradicted earlier testimony by saying that he had turned Mrs. MacDonald's corpse completely

over. Since MacDonald claimed that he had tried to cover Colette's wounds with his torn pajamas, the movement of her body seemed a plausible explanation of why his garment was found beneath her. As for the upright flow-erpot, some investigators admitted that they had seen it on its side when they first entered.

The prosecution's case was further weakened by medical testimony. Psychiatrists called by both the prosecution and the defense said that MacDonald seemed entirely normal; the defense psychiatrist added that MacDonald appeared incapable of committing so atrocious a trio of murders. Also, five of six doctors who testified said that at least one of MacDonald's wounds could easily have been fatal and that not

truders he believes killed his daughter and grandchildren. "From now on," says MacDonald, "I'll be thought of as the man who got away with murder." Perhaps not. Responding to a variety of accusations about the case, the Army has said that it will at last investigate the manner in which the prosecution and the investigators handled matters. Two weeks ago, three CID agents from Washington arrived at Fort Bragg to begin work. Jeffrey MacDonald can only hope that they are more competent than those who first looked into his case.

Blind Justice and a Deaf-Mute

"The facts in this case are unique in American jurisprudence," said the Illinois Supreme Court. Donald Lang, 25, was charged with the fatal stabbing and beating of a woman friend. Lang cannot hear, speak, read or write. Nor does he understand sign language. For those reasons, Lang seemed clearly incompetent to stand trial. The question: should the state nonetheless try him?

Deaf-mutes have commonly been found fit for trial, but the fact of Lang's further disabilities posed enormous problems. Not only would he be unable to understand what was happening at the trial, but he could not communicate with his attorney to help prepare a defense. The attorney, Lowell Myers, is himself deaf and specializes in representing deaf-mutes. Myers contends that Lang and the woman, who was neither deaf nor mute, were attacked while walking to her house from a nearby tavern. After the murder, the lawyer notes, Lang "went into a bar and tried to get some help. Nobody paid any attention." That does not seem to be the act of a guilty man, says Myers, but "Lang can't tell me what happened."

In 1966, Lang was found mentally and physically incompetent to stand trial, and he wound up in Illinois' Dixon State School. Dixon authorities say that Lang resists all efforts to teach him to communicate, but is in all other respects of average intelligence. The State Supreme Court had two competing interests to resolve. On the one hand, the capacity of the accused to understand and cooperate is fundamental to a fair trial; if Lang were found guilty, could it be said that he had been convicted with due process? Yet, before the killing, Lang lived with his relatives and in no way represented a threat to others or to himself. Was it legally right to confine him to a state institution indefinitely, though he had neither been convicted of a crime nor judged insane in the medical sense?

Since the state was unwilling to free him outright, his attorney preferred the risks of trial to the near certainty of confinement for life. The court agreed and ruled that Lang should be tried. Said Bernard Deeny, a perplexed assistant state's attorney: "The court has ordered us to give him a trial, but I don't see how we can." Nonetheless, the trial is scheduled to begin next week.

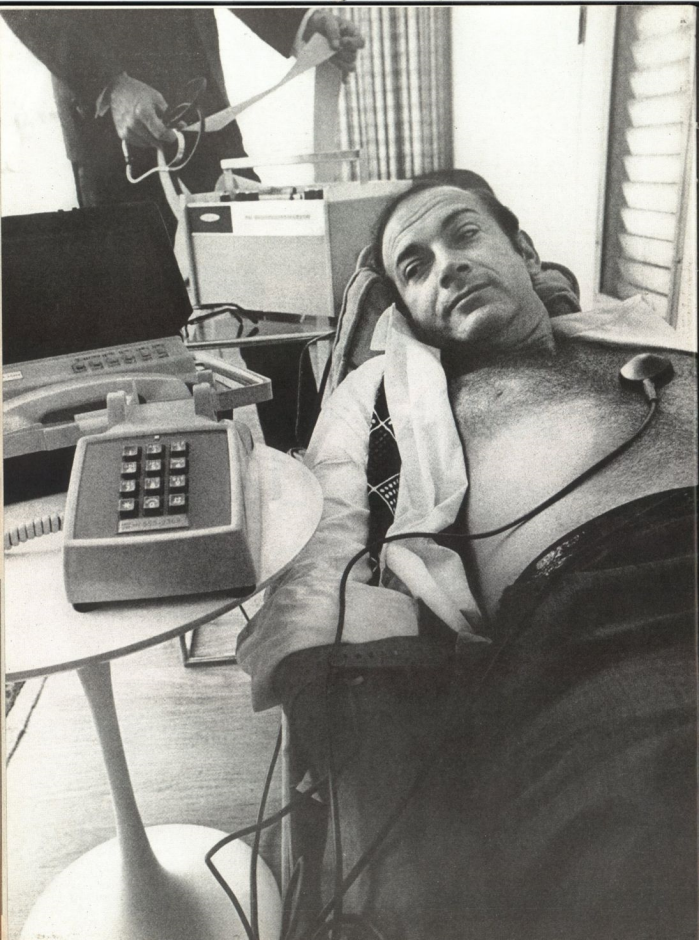


THE MACDONALDS' WEDDING
Little reason to doubt the system.

even a physician could have inflicted it on himself safely.

Presenting its own case, the defense introduced a witness whose testimony suggested the identity of the woman MacDonald claimed to have seen. Though she had already been investigated and dismissed as a suspect by civilian authorities, Colonel Warren Rock, the infantry officer who presided at the hearing, recommended that she be reinvestigated. As for the evidence against MacDonald, Rock concluded in his confidential report that all charges be dropped because they "are not true." His superior, Major General Edward Flanagan, then quashed the case for "lack of sufficient evidence."

By last fall, the Army was more than happy to give MacDonald an honorable discharge when he requested it. But neither the captain nor his father-in-law, Alfred Kassab, was satisfied. Kassab has mounted a petition campaign to members of Congress and others to prompt a new effort to find the in-



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BEHAVIOR

The Pimping Game

In the night world of San Francisco, Fillmore Slim, Soulful Spider and Bobby Joe from Baltimore practice the same profession. All three are black players in "the game"—pimps in the world of prostitution. They and about 40 of their fellows, along with the hundred prostitutes who support them, are the principals in a study submitted to the annual convention of the American Anthropological Association. That study is about to earn a Ph.D. and a professorship for its author, a shapely, 27-year-old redhead who, as "Tiger Red," recently completed a stint as a topless (and sometimes bottomless) barroom go-go dancer.

The \$20-a-night job was Christina Milner's way of financing her graduate

ners, successful pimping requires an outright loathing for women. "That's where the thrill was," he said. "In the absolute vilification, in the degradation. I had this intense hatred. To be a great pimp, I think you've really got to hate your mother." Bruce, a pimp who went to college, thought that society had twisted and perverted the Biblical role of the sexes: "Pimping goes back to the man controlling the situation before Eve bit the apple, see, and brought him down to her level and stuck the apple in his mouth. She was rebelling against Adam's authority. When Adam let Eve tempt him into taking the apple, he gave up his manhood, and today man is fighting to regain it."

Many players think that they have already won it back, and that pimps are the only real men left in America. To

MICHAEL ALEXANDER



PIMP (RIGHT REAR) & HUSTLING "HOS"

Plum pants, diamonds between the teeth, and cocaine on gold knives.



ANTHROPOLOGIST MILNER

work in anthropology at the University of California at Berkeley. But she soon found that her new colleagues were more interesting than the primate fossils she was supposed to be studying. Propositioned by a "player" and then threatened by his jealous "ho" (for whore), Tiger Red learned that the bar was a hangout for players and hos. She enlisted the help of her anthropologist husband, Richard, as fellow researcher and began making friends with the bar habitués. As they struck up conversations and collected taped interviews, the Milners came to the conclusion that what they were doing was "no different from studying any other remote culture." Among academics, Christina soon came to be known as "the Margaret Mead of North Beach."

To Iceberg Slim, a former pimp interviewed at great length by the Mil-

ner, a feeling of control over his stable of women—who may be either black or white and number from two to 20—the pimp makes them treat him deferentially, light his cigarettes and speak only when spoken to. Said James, a pimp who, like his favorite ho, is an excellent painter: "Notice how quiet she is. You know why she's quiet? 'Cause I'm talking, not because she has nothing to say. She's as smart as I am, or smarter; she got two degrees. But she's a quiet, humble, beautiful woman because she knows the position of her place, she likes it." And he added: "Each ho thinks her man is God. Do you understand how beautiful that is?" Iceberg Slim even admitted to playing God, because "what lowly little whore can resist God?"

The pimp's total control over his women starts from the moment he

takes a "square broad" (a non-prostitute) and "turns her out" (initiates her). "Pimping isn't a sex game," said Iceberg Slim. "It's a skull game." In other words, a pimp has to use his head and his psychological skills. Bruce explained: "It's a brainwashing process. When you turn a chick out, you take away every set of values and morality that she previously had and create a different environment. Instead of book-keepers or secretaries for friends, you give her professional hos."

Pimps obviously have unconventional views on male-female relationships, but their material values are relentlessly middle-class. As Bruce put it: "A player is striving for the same things that a square is striving for—security, utopia, annual income." The latter ranges from \$25,000 to \$50,000, out of which the pimp pays lawyers and bail bondsman, buys food, cars, clothes, and sometimes drugs for himself and his stable. A communal apartment, with a pimp and several women living together, is one way of saving money, but Iceberg Slim had only scorn for that arrangement: "That's not an elegant way to pimp."

Elegance is all-important. Describing a pimp in a clothing store, Soulful Spider observed: "His eyes get big, and he gets to buying things like plum pants, shirts and socks. Oh yeah, they colorful, colorful, colorful, soulfully colorful; colors that would definitely make a rainbow look bad." About jewels worn at a party, another pimp rhapsodized: "There was one cat out of Miami, believe it or not had a diamond between his teeth, that's right. Had his ears pierced, had a diamond hanging out of his ear. Now that's what I call a lover of the stone or a connoisseur of nature, because diamonds are a form of nature, you dig?"

Lavish parties are only one form of fun for players. They may also golf, ride horseback, go yachting, or congregate at a "jam house" to sniff cocaine

To Follow the Action:

TO make her subject more understandable for "straights," Anthropologist Milner has compiled a special glossary. Excerpts:

Boss player. An upwardly mobile hustler who never uses his black skin as an excuse for failure.

Bottom woman. A pimp's key employee. **Flat-backer.** A prostitute who serves many customers; a volume dealer.

Gift-down time. The hour a prostitute is due on the street to begin work.

Gorilla pimp. A user of strong-arm tactics to get and keep prostitutes.

Hard mack. A dedicated, thoroughly professional pimp.

High-sidin'. Showing off, bragging, strutting.

Jam. Cocaine, the pimp's favorite drug. **To have one's nose open.** A metaphor of sexual passion: "She had his nose

—which may be served on new hundred-dollar bills and carried to the nose on gold pocket knives. At one party attended by the Milners, the guests consumed cocaine worth \$6,000. "I don't work," admitted one pimp. "I just eat, sleep, rest and dress." He does work, of course, making the rounds of bars to recruit new "bitches," make drug contacts, and keep track of the latest police activity in his area. He also has to keep his old hos from deserting him by making each one feel loved and wanted by him.

Jesse James. Some psychoanalysts believe it is the lonely prostitute's need to feel cared for by someone that binds her to her pimp. Others think that what cements the bond is non-threatening sex: prostitutes are often frigid, pimps latently homosexual. Thus the prostitute feels more comfortable in bed with a pimp than with a man who might expect more of her sexually. Some analysts also suggest that what the prostitute really wants, and thinks she has in her pimp, is someone even lower than she. To French Analyst Maryse Choisy, pimp and prostitute "do not unite to love, but to hate."

In the Milners' study, only two pimps were white, but they dressed, talked and acted exactly like their black colleagues. In fact, says Christina, "the success of the white pimps hinges on their ability to mimic the blacks." For ghetto Negroes, the choice of pimping as a career has a certain logic. Sociologists have long noted that because black men have traditionally had trouble finding legitimate jobs, they are used to the idea of being supported by women. Besides, in the black community there is no loss of status in making money from sex. Quite the contrary. Pimping is a way of striking out at the white man by taking his money—and his women too. By "gaming off" Whitey, the black pimp becomes a folk hero, the Jesse James of the ghetto.

A Player's Glossary

- so wide open he was pawin' at the ground."
- Outlaw.** A prostitute without a proper pimp.
- To pimp.** To use any human relationship to get money: "That child been pimpin' off his mother since he was three years old."
- Pimped down.** Dressed in the pimp's finery.
- To pull.** To win or "catch" a whore from another pimp.
- To pull one's coat to.** To teach. A novice pimp learning from a master expresses his gratitude by saying, "Thanks for pulling my coat to it, brother."
- Sting.** A sizable amount of hustled money: at least \$500.
- Sweet mack.** A sugar pimp, one who is educated, charming and nonviolent.

Play Schools for Parents

The idea was born in 1948, when Corinna Brocher, 4, innocently asked her daddy, Psychiatrist Tobias Brocher, "How did you learn to be a father?" Brocher, temporarily speechless, eventually gave his daughter a noncommittal answer. But he began to reflect on the astonishing fact that there was no professional training for what he considered "the most important profession"—parenthood.

Brocher set out to rectify the omission. His starting point was a provocative idea: "Give a serious and powerful man a child's toy and leave him alone with it. After a short while he experiences, painfully or happily, how his childhood was, and he begins to understand both himself and his children better." Brocher, now head of the sociopsychology department at Frankfurt's Sigmund Freud Institute, started his

judge could unbend only to the extent of dipping his little finger in white paint and making twelve neat rows of dots on a piece of white paper. Three weeks later, Brocher "found the same man with paint up to his elbows. He was red-faced, sweating, biting his tongue, and appeared to be very happy as he painted red, yellow and brown colors all over the wall."

When the psychiatrist asked "Isn't it fun?" the judge replied with an embarrassed grin. "I must tell you something. I was never permitted as a child to play with mud; my mother punished me when I came home dirty. My wife and I got into a lot of fights about our son because I couldn't stand seeing him playing with mud. Now I know how it feels and I am happy we can give our son a different experience from the one I had."

Other sources of parental trouble emerge from the play sessions. Un-

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JUDGE'S UNINHIBITED FINGER PAINTING
Reflections on an astonishing fact.

first "play school for parents" in Ulm, Germany, in 1955. Since that time, several additional Brocher-inspired schools have opened in Germany and other European countries, and the concept is now being tested at the Menninger Clinic in Kansas.

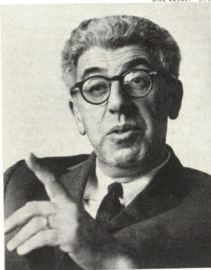
Revelations. In a parental play school, there are no lectures. Instead, nine or ten couples normally spend two evenings a week in such activities as finger painting, clay modeling and playing cat's cradle. During a third evening session, with a trained leader to guide them, they talk about what they did, felt and observed during their play. The results often come as startling revelations to the participants.

One of Brocher's student-parents was an overly correct, intellectual judge who talked down to other participants. During his first finger-painting session, the

consciously copying her own angry parent, a mother will often show almost sadistic anger when her child is slow to get to bed. A father sometimes tries to get from his child what he missed from his own parents. He may expect a child to accomplish what he himself wanted to accomplish but could not. Or he may force a child into the role of a loved, feared or hated sibling of his own. One father, for example, finally realized that he was grumpy with his little daughter because he was afraid she would reject him—as his little sister had rejected him years before. In short, Brocher concludes, parents often need the chance that play therapy gives them to relieve, and solve, their own repressed childhood conflicts. Only then, in many cases, can they allow their offspring to be children in their own right.

ENVIRONMENT

MIKE MAURTY—LIFE



BARRY COMMONER

A Clash of Gloomy Prophets

Though unified by their vision of man's potentially hideous future, environmentalists violently disagree over basic causes and cures. One school holds that an ever-increasing population's demand for higher living standards must also create ever-increasing amounts of pollution. Unchecked population growth is thus the chief villain. Not so, says another, equally vociferous school, blaming runaway technology instead. By dumping its noxious excrement heedlessly, technological society is overwhelming nature's ability to purify itself. Last week, at a Chicago meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, four champions from both camps clashed in direct debate.

Crowds and Crime. Biologist Paul Ehrlich, Stanford University's outspoken population expert, has always predicted war, pestilence and famine as eventual consequences of mankind's proliferation. Citing several studies, he said at the A.A.A.S. meeting that population pressures already are spawning new social problems. In particular, crowded cities seem inevitably to increase aggressiveness, which manifests itself even now in general disorder and steadily soaring crime rates.

Garrett Hardin, a human ecologist at the University of California in Santa Barbara, bolstered Ehrlich's argument with a neat analogy. "We have been sold on the idea of economy of scale," he said. "But this economy does not hold when it comes to relational matters. The size of your phone bill goes up with the size of your city. You have to pay for the privilege of talking with more people." The bigger the population gets, he went on, the more vulnerable the phone, mail and other complex systems become.

They are almost sure to fail precisely when they are most needed—in emergencies. Similarly, every rise in population removes citizens further from decisions made by their leaders. As a result, democracy can lose meaning.

While this correlation between population and social ills seems logical enough, the facts to buttress it are far from conclusive. Ansley Coale, director of Princeton's Office of Population Research, noted that crime rates have climbed in Wyoming, South Dakota and West Virginia, though their populations have declined notably. Moreover, Coale continued, both London and Holland have remarkably low crime rates despite their dense populations.

Cop-Out. "Saying that none of our pollution problems can be solved without getting at population first is a cop-out of the worst kind," argued Microbiologist Barry Commoner of Washington University in St. Louis (TIME cover, Feb. 2, 1970). As he sees it, statistical data prove that total pollution in the U.S. increased disproportionately between 1946 and 1966, while population rose by only 43%. Nor is pollution localized in cities where the most people are; radioactive fallout, pesticide residue and fertilizer run-off all pollute the rural environment. The root problem, Commoner said, lies in consumption patterns. Bowing to economic incentives, man now prefers synthetic materials like rayon and plastic to natural ones like cotton and wood. In fact, the number of new products—each of which needs greater inputs of energy and technology—multiplies every year.

Obviously, the way out of the mess is to restrain both population growth and rampant technology. How? Of the gloomy prophets, only Commoner addressed himself to the problem. A start, he said, is to define crucial social issues in a way that emphasizes man's present disruption of nature's fundamental benevolence. "Then it's up to the economist and the social scientist to figure out how we can change social habits. I have no idea how it can be done, but it has to be."

East Africa:

Making Conservation Pay

Though he looks like a Beagle with his shaggy hair and steel-rimmed glasses, Harvey Croze, 28, is concerned only with the music of the forest. The Oxford-trained zoologist has spent the past three years listening to and looking at elephants in Tanzania's Serengeti National Park. He explains his passion for pachyderms: "The elephant is second only to man as a modifier of ecology. He has been around for 15 million years and is the biggest land mammal, but we hardly know anything about him."

Croze, a member of the Serengeti Research Institute, has plenty of company in his pursuit of knowledge about how the animals of East Africa interact with their environment. He is one of 79 American and European wildlife scientists now working at research stations in Tanzania, Kenya and Uganda; never has the region hosted so many experts of this kind. Financed by governments, foundations and the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, the scientists are striving to conserve the world's largest reservoir of wildlife. Decades of indifference and exploitation have driven some species, such as the cheetah and the wild Somalia ass, to the brink of extinction. Africa's burgeoning population and the land hunger of many citizens in the newly independent nations continue to reduce the territory available for animals.

Elephant Stress. Serengeti's 5,600 square miles and the surrounding 10,000 square miles are home to an estimated 1,500,000 big game animals—as many as roam the rest of Africa combined—but the lush woodland is being turned increasingly into savannah. Neighboring farmers burn off trees to create pasture

HUGH LAMPREY



ELEPHANTS IN SERENGETI PARK

